HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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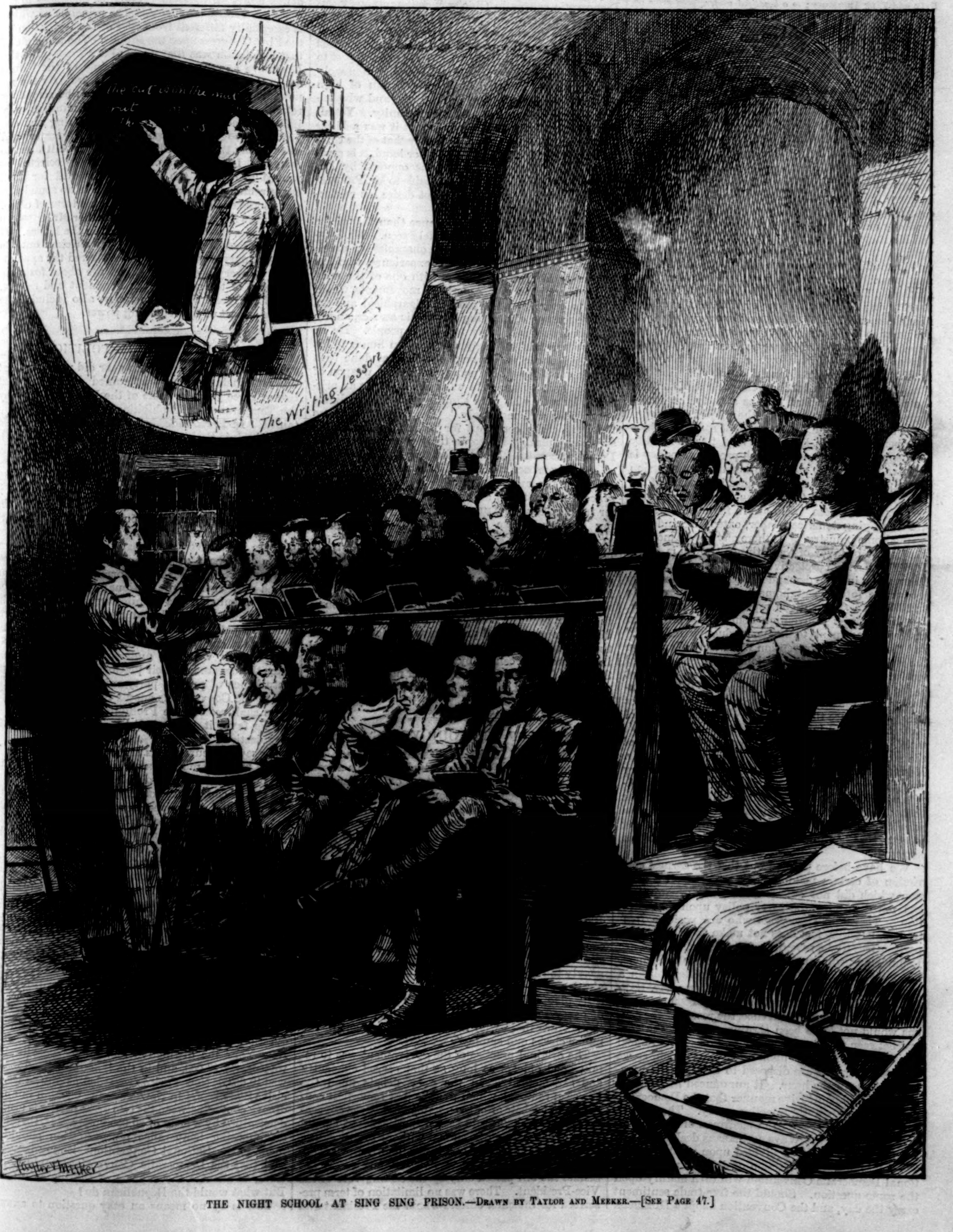
the cat saw the mat
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The Writing Lesson
Taylor Meeker

THE NIGHT SCHOOL AT SING SING PRISON.—DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 47.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.

"The best and cheapest juvenile weekly published."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 15, contains Part I. of a charming story from the Swedish, entitled "Little Vigg's Adventure"; Chapter VI. of "The Ice Queen," a serial story by ERNEST INGERSOLL; *and "Three Paroquets," a humorous sketch by* EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N., *contributes "The Story of an Earthquake," and* SHERWOOD RYSE *"Hockey on the Ice," an article in which the boys will be much interested.*

Among the profuse and beautiful illustrations which adorn this number, special attention may be called to drawings by HOWARD PYLE *and* T. DE THULSTRUP; *to a beautiful winter forest scene on page* 169; *and to* MISS MCDERMOTT'S *drawing illustrating the old nursery rhyme "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep," the music for which was prepared expressly for this paper by* S. B. MILLS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $1 50 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

THE DEMOCRATIC TROUBLE.

THE work of Congress will now begin, but as the House is Democratic, and the Senate and President are Republican, the actual legislative result of the session is very doubtful. The Democratic party, however, will inevitably show its claims to public confidence by its propositions and by the general tendency and character of its course. Mr. MORRISON and Mr. RANDALL represent the two wings of the party upon the tariff question, which many Democrats insist upon regarding as the paramount issue of the election next year. There will be a contest between these gentlemen for the leadership of legislation, Mr. RANDALL trying to pass his appropriation bills and then to adjourn, and Mr. MORRISON endeavoring to commit the party to a scheme of revenue reform. It is not improbable that each of these gentlemen would regard success as promoting his own chance for favorable consideration as a Presidential candidate. But the situation and the contest show the serious division of the party—show, in fact, that as a party the Democrats represent no policy upon the subject whatever.

On the other hand, the attempt of some Republican papers, and of Mr. HEWITT in his letter, to identify the Republican party with a high protective policy is abortive. The most recent authoritative expression of the party position upon the question is that of the call for the National Convention, which invites the co-operation of those "who are in favor of elevating and dignifying American labor, extending and protecting home industry." Is there any good American who is not in favor of these things? And is this a demand for a high protective tariff? The Democratic Convention in Ohio demanded a tariff to "encourage productive interests at home." The Pennsylvania and Virginia Conventions repeated the declaration. The New Jersey Convention demanded "protection and encouragement to home productive industry," and the New York Convention was wisely silent upon the subject. These declarations represent the real sentiment of the parties. Neither of them dares not to declare itself in favor of encouraging domestic industry, and the Democratic party certainly does not dare to announce that the true way to encourage and protect American industry is to abandon a protective tariff. It is not surprising, therefore, that many of the most strenuous Democratic papers look upon Mr. MORRISON with profound distrust, and seek in every way to prevent the committal of the party to a definite policy, while with amusing gravity they remark that "incidental" protection can hardly be regarded as protection. Yet the plea of the unfortunate young woman that her infant was "such a small one" did not avail.

We have before pointed out that the earnest conviction of certain members of a party upon a question which did not occasion the party organization can not determine the party policy upon that question. There are Democrats who are positive free-traders, but that fact does not make the Democratic party a free-trade, revenue-reform party. There are Republicans who are strong temperance reformers, but their convictions do not make the Republican a prohibitory party. If the choice between Mr. RANDALL and Mr. CARLISLE as Speaker had been merely a question of personal preference, the result of the caucus would not have been significant. But the contest between them was a proclamation of the radical division of their party upon a question which, as we said, some persons are disposed to consider the paramount issue of the hour. It announced in the most emphatic and conclusive manner that the Democratic party is not an anti-protective party. The contest for precedence between the chairman of the Appropriations and of the Ways and Means declares as distinctly that the party is divided upon what is called the chief issue. The election of delegates to the National Democratic Convention will turn mainly upon the same question. Should the free-trade sentiment carry the day, and the Convention adopt a MORRISON platform, Mr. RANDALL will be heard, probably, echoing Mr. WEBSTER'S famous question, "Where shall *I* go?" Meanwhile the Republicans in the House ought to sustain any sound and practicable measure that may be proposed for reducing the redundant revenue.

DEMOCRATIC GUIDE-BOARDS.

THE Democratic party has given to the country another sign of its real character. While Governor ABBETT, of New Jersey, a frank enemy of reform and a mere partisan spoilsman, was nominating General BUTLER, in Massachusetts, as a fitting and representative Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and the notable Democratic reformer BUTLER himself was talking in the finest demagogue vein of the Republican alliance with capital and corruption, the Democratic caucus in Ohio was contemptuously setting aside the most conspicuous Democratic reformer in the country as Senator, and nominating the candidate of one of the greatest and most unscrupulous monopolies in his place. It is, however, only just to add that while the active interest of the monopoly for Mr. PAYNE is not denied, he is a man of high character, who has served in Congress, and who enjoys the general respect of the community. Yet all the reports of the election agree that it was a bitter contest, and that money, presumably that of the company, was freely used. On the other hand, it is creditable to Mr. PAYNE that he was opposed by Mr. THURMAN, while it is no less creditable to Mr. PENDLETON that the Oil Company did not desire his re-election.

A more discreditable performance than this of the Ohio Democrats has not been lately seen. Mr. PENDLETON is a man of the highest character, of excellent ability, and of great public experience, who has honorably identified his name with one of the most truly democratic and American movements, which seeks to overthrow the present oligarchical and exclusive method of entering the public service, and to open it freely and fairly to all the people. He is, moreover, a faithful party man, and an honor to his party. But the very service that he has done both for his country and his party was made a weapon of offense against him. He was cried down as an aristocrat by men who were shouting for the candidate of "capital and monopoly." His defeat illustrates the Democratic contempt for reform in the public service by placing it upon a truly popular basis, and Democratic subservience to the very power which it affects to reproach the Republicans for favoring.

One of the most disagreeable incidents of the disgraceful contest was an extremely disingenuous letter from ex-Senator THURMAN. He deprecated crushing Democrats like Mr. PENDLETON and General WARD. If Mr. PENDLETON, he said in effect, did make the mistake of introducing a reform bill—to which I and General WARD are opposed—yet, etc., etc. A more deliberate stab under a blander How-is-it-with-thee-my-brother? can not be conceived. The whole performance is a most significant revelation of the bitter personal hatreds and the hostility to every kind of honorable and progressive politics which distinguish the Democratic party. PENDLETON defeated in a Democratic caucus by personal intrigue and the Standard Oil Company, and ABBETT nominating BUTLER for President, is, as the boys say, "about the size" of Democratic reform.

REPEAL OF THE FOUR YEARS' ACTS.

MR. GIBSON, of Louisiana, has introduced a bill in the Senate to repeal the laws which prescribe a term of four years for certain important officers, many of whom are required to give bonds. The bill provides that such officers shall be appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and shall be removed at the pleasure of the President. This provision opens again the question which was decided by the First Congress—a decision which Mr. CALHOUN tried to reverse with the support of Mr. WEBSTER, and which was substantially reversed by the passage of the Tenure-of-office Act over the veto of ANDREW JOHNSON. It is agreed that the professed object of the Four Years' Act, namely, to secure the greater accountability of certain officers, has not been attained, and that the result of the change effected by it is merely to facilitate the dismissal of officers, at the expiration of their terms, without cause. It has practically placed the whole civil service at the disposition of every President, because the officers included in the act are those who have the appointment of the minor clerks and employés.

The original practice of the government was to retain good officers so long as they served efficiently and satisfactorily. In the great debate upon the power of removal, which was the first important constitutional debate after the organization of the government, Mr. MADISON said that if the President should exercise the power of removal without proper cause, he would be impeached, and it was mainly upon MADISON'S urgency that the power was conferred. In the Senate the bill passed only by the casting vote of the Vice-President. There was no limitation of term prescribed for the chief officers whom the President and the Senate were to appoint, and the understanding was that they were to serve during good behavior, of which the President was to be the judge. Mr. JEFFERSON thought that the patronage should be divided proportionally between the parties. But this end he sought to accomplish, not by peremptory removal, but by filling with his own partisans the places that became properly vacant. His fancy of proportion was, of course, chimerical; but even Mr. JEFFERSON respected what Mr. MADISON held to be the constitutional intention.

Mr. GIBSON'S bill proposes to carry out that intention, and to return to the sound practice of the earlier day. The objection arising from the necessity of giving bonds he obviates by providing that all bonds shall be renewed every two years, which is an excellent provision. The express declaration of the President's power of removal is designed doubtless to set aside the Tenure-of-office Act, the principle of which is essentially different from that of the legislation of the First Congress upon the subject. The principle of that legislation was that removal is a function of the Executive power. But the principle of the tenure act is that the appointing power is properly the removing power. No good purpose can be served by retaining the four years' term. The limitation only imbitters and exasperates the demoralizing and disgusting struggle for spoils, and perpetuates and strengthens the evils which the reform bill aims to remedy. If appointive officers are to be selected by proved merit, and the power of removal for good cause remains untouched, there can be no sound reason whatever for prescribing a specific term of office.

As we write we do not know whether Mr. GIBSON'S bill is the same that he introduced in the House. If it be the same, we trust that he has stricken out the extraordinary provision which conferred the appointment of every postmaster—there are about forty-six thousand of them—upon the President and Senate, and, if we recall the bill correctly, also included the Senate as part of the removing power.

"PROHIBITION" IN POLITICS.

THE political history of the year did not show that the prominence which was gained during the last two or three years in some of the Western States by the Temperance or Prohibition question was maintained. In Iowa, indeed, the Republicans appeared as an absolute Prohibitory party, and were successful, but by a reduced majority. In Ohio the issue did not produce so great a disturbance as had been apprehended. But in Maine, where the prohibition sentiment is very strong, one of its chief representatives, Mr. NEAL DOW, declared a virtual separation of the Prohibitionists from the Republican party, and there is an evident intention among them to take a decided position in the election of next year, and to issue proposals of support, as it were, to the two great parties. The New York *Times* has information of a contemplated movement of the National Temperance Union for the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The plan provides for petitions to be signed by Republicans and Democrats, and presented respectively to the party Conventions, with the understanding that if both place the demand in their platforms, there will be no disturbance of present party relations; that if only one of the Conventions adopts the scheme, its candidates shall receive the Prohibitory vote; but that if neither favor it, there shall be a new national party organization.

However accurate this statement may be, it is in accord with the movements of the last few years, and it is not essentially improbable. The chances of success are, of course, very obscure; yet there is no doubt of a profound and wide-spread feeling upon the subject, and it is equally beyond doubt that the situation is most favorable, because parties now cohere, not by a strong common conviction and purpose, but by force of tradition and of circumstances. This is the situation which is always most favorable to new party movements founded upon opinions strongly held. In several Western States especially such a movement, vigorously organized, and prosecuted with energy, would be a very disturbing element in the canvass. Ohio, for instance, is an October State, and an exceedingly important State, and a doubtful State. Now in Ohio the prohibitory sentiment is unquestionably very strong. It could not be disregarded by politicians, because Republican defeat in October would be a very ill augury for the decisive day in November. Farther West there are States in which the question would be still more perplexing. Even in New York the distinctive temperance vote in 1882 was nearly 26,000, and in the languid poll of 1883 it was 18,000. New York is regarded as almost the decisive State. Yet in New York the election in an ordinary contest between the two great parties is usually determined by a body of 20,000 voters. If, therefore, an imposing temperance representation should be made to the National Conventions, it may be safely said that the Democratic Convention would do nothing to alienate the support of the liquor interest. But what would the Republican do?

This is by no means an easy question to answer.

Mr. Sherman is reported to have said that if the Ohio Republicans had taken an absolute "temperance" position at the last election, they would have been much more seriously defeated. As a question of mere policy for party success, the action of the Convention might depend upon its conviction of the willingness of temperance voters to subordinate every other consideration to that of prohibition. If as a body throughout the Union they are ready to take the ground of some antislavery Whigs in New York in 1844, and bring in the Democratic party if their own party will not take their position completely, then undoubtedly they could produce very serious results, and endanger Republican success. But as yet there is no evidence that this is the general position of the temperance voters, although, as we said, it is certainly their tendency. It is hardly to be supposed that the 18,000 voters for the prohibitory ticket in New York last year would all vote against the Republican candidate this year. At least such a disposition is not be inferred, and could be assumed only from very positive demonstrations of a kind which have not yet been made. Such demonstrations, indeed, might follow the national organization of such a movement as we have described, and they would then become significant. We speak of the matter as one of the signs of the times. For whenever the temperance men, or the revenue reformers, or any other considerable body of voters, are ready to leave their old parties unless their views determine the policy of those parties, we may expect a political reorganization—but not until then.

MR. CHAPIN AND GENERAL McCOOK.

Mr. Comptroller Chapin did not avail himself of the opportunity to make a "clean sweep" in his office before the reform bill went into operation on the 4th of January. Indeed, there would have been no suggestion that he might do so except for his silence when asked, before the election, whether he would observe the letter and spirit of the bill, and also for his active opposition to the re-election of Mayor Low in Brooklyn, which was certainly not the act of a zealous reformer.

We state with pleasure the fact of Comptroller Chapin's honorable observance of the spirit of the act, and we regret, with him, the accumulating evidence that his party is rapidly becoming actively hostile to reform. Mr. Chapin himself, as Speaker of the Democratic Assembly last year, was very active and influential in promoting the passage of the reform bill, and in his speech as President of the Democratic State Convention, and in preparing the Democratic State platform, he showed a just estimate of the importance of the reform movement. We wish that it were possible to regard him as a representative of his party upon the question of reform.

We record, also with satisfaction, that General McCook, the new Republican Secretary of the Senate, has retained efficient and honest subordinate officers of the other party, and we rejoice with him that his conduct is in strict accord with the position and the expectation of his party. If the Democratic party could adopt the free-trade policy with the same unanimity with which the Republicans have adopted the policy of reform in the civil service, it would have a much better chance of commanding the sympathy and support of the independent vote in both parties than it now has.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT COMMISSIONER.

Governor Cleveland has done another official act for which he is heartily commended by both parties, in selecting Mr. Christopher C. Baldwin to be a Commissioner of the new Aqueduct, to succeed the late Mr. Lane. Like Mr. Lane, Mr. Baldwin is a merchant of high character and a citizen of public spirit, who will bring great intelligence and the most upright purpose to the discharge of his duties. His intelligence will doubtless apprise him that politicians are quite sure of managing their mercantile associates in such enterprises, and also that the proper building of an aqueduct is in no sense whatever a political work, and requires only the same qualities that he would find necessary in a great business transaction of his own. Both the Governor and the city are to be congratulated upon Mr. Baldwin's appointment.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BULWER.

The autobiography, memoir, and letters of Bulwer, of which the first and second parts are now published in the "Franklin Square Library," and also in a neat volume, is exceedingly entertaining. Bulwer was so practiced and accomplished a story-teller that he gives to the tale of the loves of his ancestors, and especially of his mother, the interest and charm of a novel. His narrative skill does not fail when he himself arrives upon the scene and begins to fall in love. It is all very romantic, and nobody can now disprove it. But the editor, his son, frankly concedes that the Bulwers had not the gift of matrimonial felicity.

Immense as was Bulwer's literary activity, and enormous as is the extent of his published works, there is a great mass of unpublished manuscript, and the editor introduces into his narrative the stories which illustrate the period of life or the characters which the narrative describes. Lord Lytton has a natural feeling of reverent devotion to his father's memory, and the work is apparently exhaustive. The book, however, will be read for its essential and various interest of allusion and treatment, and not chiefly because the career of Bulwer is felt to justify such prolonged commemoration. His novels are very popular, and he held the public ear for a very long time, but they are not of the importance which the biographer ascribes to them.

The book has excited great attention in London, partly, perhaps, because of expected revelations of an unhappy domestic life. The troubles between Bulwer and his wife were, indeed, notorious, and the retort of the wife in her *Cheverley, or The Man of Honor*, is familiar. The editor glides as dexterously as practicable over the married life of his own mother, yet with a feeling of distaste and of absence of affection so apparent that Miss Louisa Devey, the executrix of the Dowager Lady Lytton, the wife of Bulwer, who died in poverty in 1882, says that she has all the letters which Bulwer ever wrote to his wife, nearly three hundred in number, together with an incomplete autobiography, which she "may shortly publish," to prove that Lord Lytton's authorities are not, as he says, the only authentic records for his father's memoir. The book, as far as it is published, is not the story of a very lofty or inspiring character, but it is a most entertaining picture of life, and it will be universally read.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

Governor Cleveland, in his cordial and congratulatory allusion to the organization of administrative reform in the State—a portion of his Message which shows how fortunate it is that the bill passed while so honest a friend of reform was in the Executive Chamber—points out what is often forgotten, the close relation between the public schools and the public service.

We quote the whole passage in which the allusion to the common schools occurs. If all our executive officers were like the Governor, the course here indicated would be the actual practice as well as the established policy of the State:

> "New York, then, leads in the inauguration of a comprehensive State system of civil service. The principle of selecting the subordinate employés of the State on the ground of capacity and fitness, ascertained according to fixed and impartial rules, without regard to political predilections, and with reasonable assurance of retention and promotion in case of meritorious service, is now the established policy of the State. The children of our citizens are educated and trained in schools maintained at common expense, and the people, as a whole, have a right to demand the selection for the public service of those whose natural aptitudes have been improved by the educational facilities furnished by the State. The application to the public service of the same rule which prevails in ordinary business, of employing those whose knowledge and training best fit them for the duties at hand, without regard to other considerations, must elevate and improve the civil service, and eradicate from it many evils from which it has long suffered. Not the least gratifying of the results which this system promises to accomplish is relief to public men from the annoyance of importunity in the strife for appointments to subordinate places."

NATIONAL HOSTILITY TO THE FINE ARTS.

The petition of many American artists living in Europe for the repeal of the duties upon works of art brought into this country was lately presented in the Senate by Mr. Sherman for Mr. Edmunds. The petition was drawn by Mr. Story, the sculptor, and it states with great force and pungency the common-sense view of this extraordinary tax, which should be called a tax for preventing the development of art in the United States.

As Mr. Story points out, in a letter to Mr. Edmunds, other countries will make reprisals by laying a duty on the exportation of American works executed abroad, and he says that the Italian Parliament is waiting to see what course Congress will pursue. The American artists in Europe he represents as unanimously opposed to this restrictive duty, and if any artists at home desire to handicap foreign art in the race for favor, they are, he says, unworthy the name of artists. Nobody can be benefited by such a tax. The country does not need it, and those who are most interested are most opposed to it.

The imposition of this disabling tax upon art is the strongest proof of the necessity of that education in art which the tax prohibits. A country which looks upon works of the imagination and the higher forms of the fine arts as if they were to be stimulated, like the manufacture of blacking or of pails, by excluding foreign competition, is in an amusing and humiliating condition. One of the cardinal conditions of progress in those arts is study of their masterpieces and historic works, and an embargo could be as wisely laid upon American artists going abroad to study foreign works as a disabling tax upon the foreign works coming into this country to be studied. If the revenue reformers in Congress will strike out this shameful duty, they may be sure of the support of the most intelligent public opinion.

PERSONAL.

A well-known private collector of pictures said last week that it cost him eight hundred dollars to repair the damage done to the pictures and picture-frames lent by him to a recent loan exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum, and seven hundred and fifty dollars to repair the damage resulting from a similar generosity on his part on the occasion of the late Bartholdi loan exhibition. The walls of his house bear many tokens of the removal and rehanging of the paintings. Still he philanthropically declares that it is the duty of persons who own such works to let their fellowmen see them, and become elevated by them.

—On crossing the Rio Grande, one's first greeting is from a Mexican custom-house officer whose belt is heavy with pistols. "Having passed safely through a strict examination," says a recent traveller, "I asked a by-stander what manner of men these were to whom the duties of the post were intrusted. 'They are typical of the people,' he replied. 'The one with whom you talked shot two men in a dispute in the street last week.'"

—Dr. Henry B. Millard, a prominent homœopathic physician of this city, has recently been made an honorary member of the *Société Anatomique*, the oldest medical society in Paris, and one of the most learned and distinguished bodies in Europe. Dr. Millard is the first American on whom it has bestowed this recognition.

—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is interesting herself in the matter of preventing cruelty to children. She thinks it a pity that children can not be removed by English law from homes where they are maltreated, unless they have committed some offense against the law.

—Monks and nuns are forbidden to reside in France in communities, and religious instruction is prohibited in the state schools.

—As Mr. Herkomer has made a good deal of money by painting portraits in this country, and as M. Bastien-Lepage expects to do the same, we are glad to see that Mr. David Neal, an American, has come from Munich, his adopted home, to pursue a similar course. His picture of "Cromwell and Milton," which gained much distinction abroad, is on the way to its owner, Mr. H. B. Hurlbut, of Cleveland. It is twenty years since Mr. Neal first went to Munich, but he remains an American, and his work has long been an honor to American art.

—Captain W. P. Clark, of General Sheridan's staff, is compiling an official report which will be practically a history of the Northern tribes of American Indians, preserving authentic and valuable records of their languages and customs. Captain Clark is known as an authority in Indian philology, and can converse in most of the dialects of those tribes.

—At a complimentary dinner given recently to the Hon. Anson G. McCook, in New York city, Senator Warner Miller was called upon to respond to the toast, "*Resolved*, That Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

—Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, declines to become a Mayor. "An independent newspaper," he explains, "must keep clear of entangling alliance with public office. It might happen that Mr. Childs as Mayor would do something that Mr. Childs of the *Ledger* would feel that the Mayor should be called to account about. Such a thing, if it should come to pass, might cause an unpleasantness between the Mayor and the *Ledger*—a condition of affairs that would not do at all."

—Mr. Henry Villard has been occupying only the upper stories of his new house on Madison Avenue. The first story is still in the hands of the joiners and decorators, and probably will be so until the 1st of March. His transfer of the building to the Oregon and Transcontinental Company will, of course, not interfere with the contracts already made with the architects.

—The New York Historical Society proposes to erect a larger hall, in order to meet its increased and increasing demands. There are some noble old masters in the possession of the society, which deserve to be more accessible and better hung. Comparatively few New-Yorkers know how valuable those paintings really are.

—"I have before me," writes a foreign correspondent, "a pile of papers published in Paris during the siege. What odd-looking papers they are!—of all colors and sizes. It is interesting to re-read them, and, at this interval, strange to see the confident tone in which, even when the hour for capitulation was fast approaching, and stores were dwindling, people were told that 'the Emperor William was dismayed at the strength of resistance he met with from the enemy.'"

—Columbia College has received from one of its trustees, Mr. Lewis M. Rutherfurd, a welcome set of astronomical instruments, valued at twelve thousand dollars.

—There are about six hundred thousand clergymen, priests, and church and temple officers in India; and the same number of persons engaged as carriers on roads, and as female domestic servants. Authors are less than half as numerous as actors, but musicians are four times as numerous.

—The vintage in Champagne was considered over on the 24th of October. The owners of the best vineyards produced about five hundred dollars' worth of wine to the acre, the cost of cultivation being two hundred dollars an acre.

—A modern Nimrod lays down four rules for the hunter who would be successful: first, he must make no noise in walking; secondly, he must avoid going down with the wind; thirdly, he must keep on as high ground as is consistent with the first two rules; and fourthly, he must keep the sun at his back.

—Reviewing the art work of the year, the London *Times* says: "Our painters have found it necessary to learn the elements of their business, and to put more of themselves into their art than many of them did of old. Their drawing has improved, their landscapes and their figures are more sincere, and that, after all, is something." A very great deal, we should say.

—The debt of the city of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is almost six millions of dollars, or one-half the entire assessed value of her real and personal estate. The largest creditor is the Singer Sewing Machine Company, whose president announces that he will settle on any basis adopted by all the other creditors. The city still hopes that the basis will be fifty cents on the dollar.

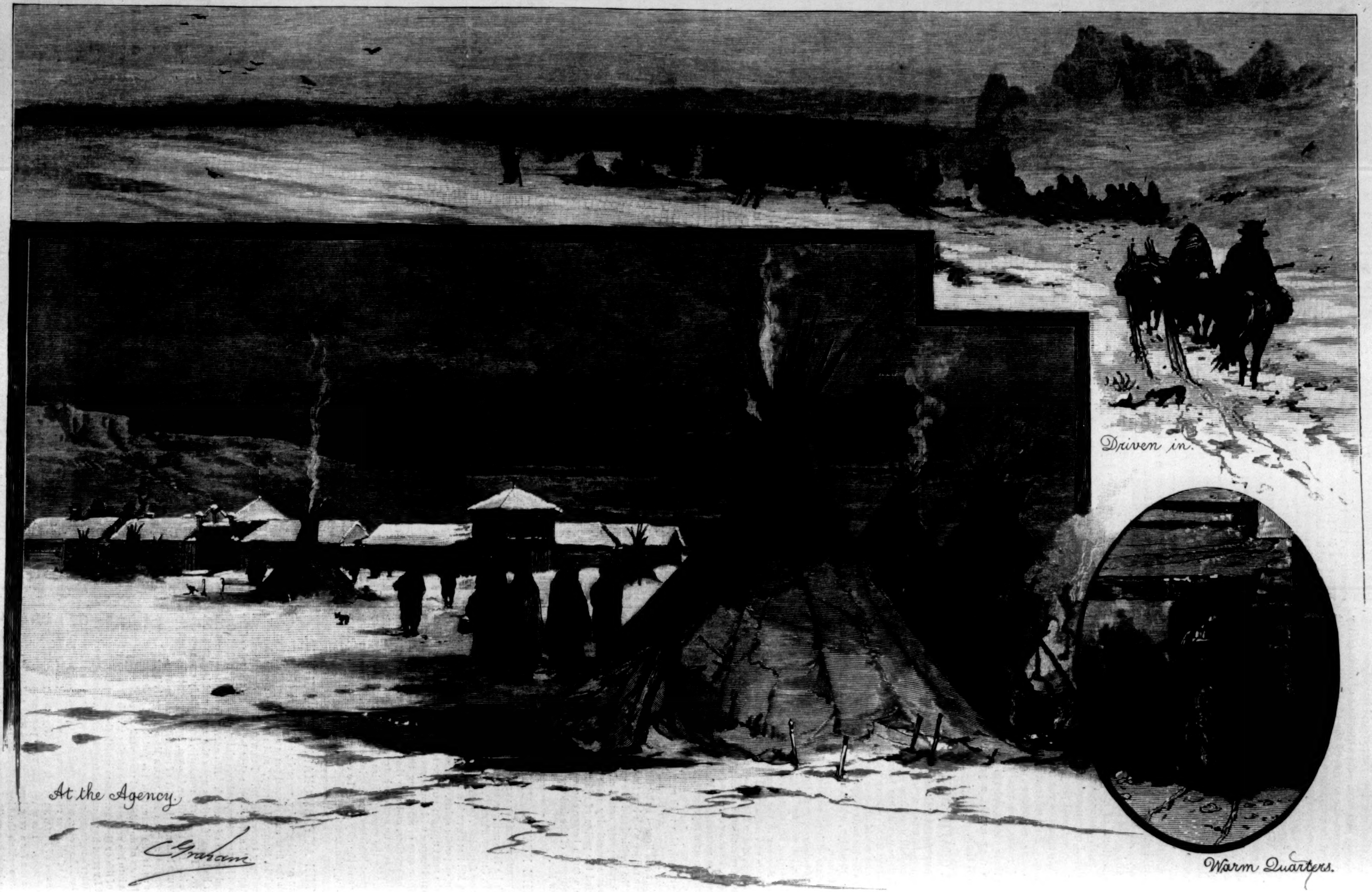
—Ex-Governor Benjamin F. Butler denies that he has a "Presidential boom" to start, and that he will spend the winter in Washington.

—Henry James on Tourguéneff: "He was a delightful, mild, masculine figure. The combination of his deep, soft, lovable spirit, in which one felt all the tender parts of genius, with his immense fair Russian physique, was one of the most attractive things I have known. He had a frame which would have made it perfectly lawful, and even becoming, for him to be brutal, but there was not a grain of brutality in his composition. He was exceedingly tall, and broad and robust in proportion. His head was one of the finest, and his face was eminently of the Russian type—almost everything in it was wide."

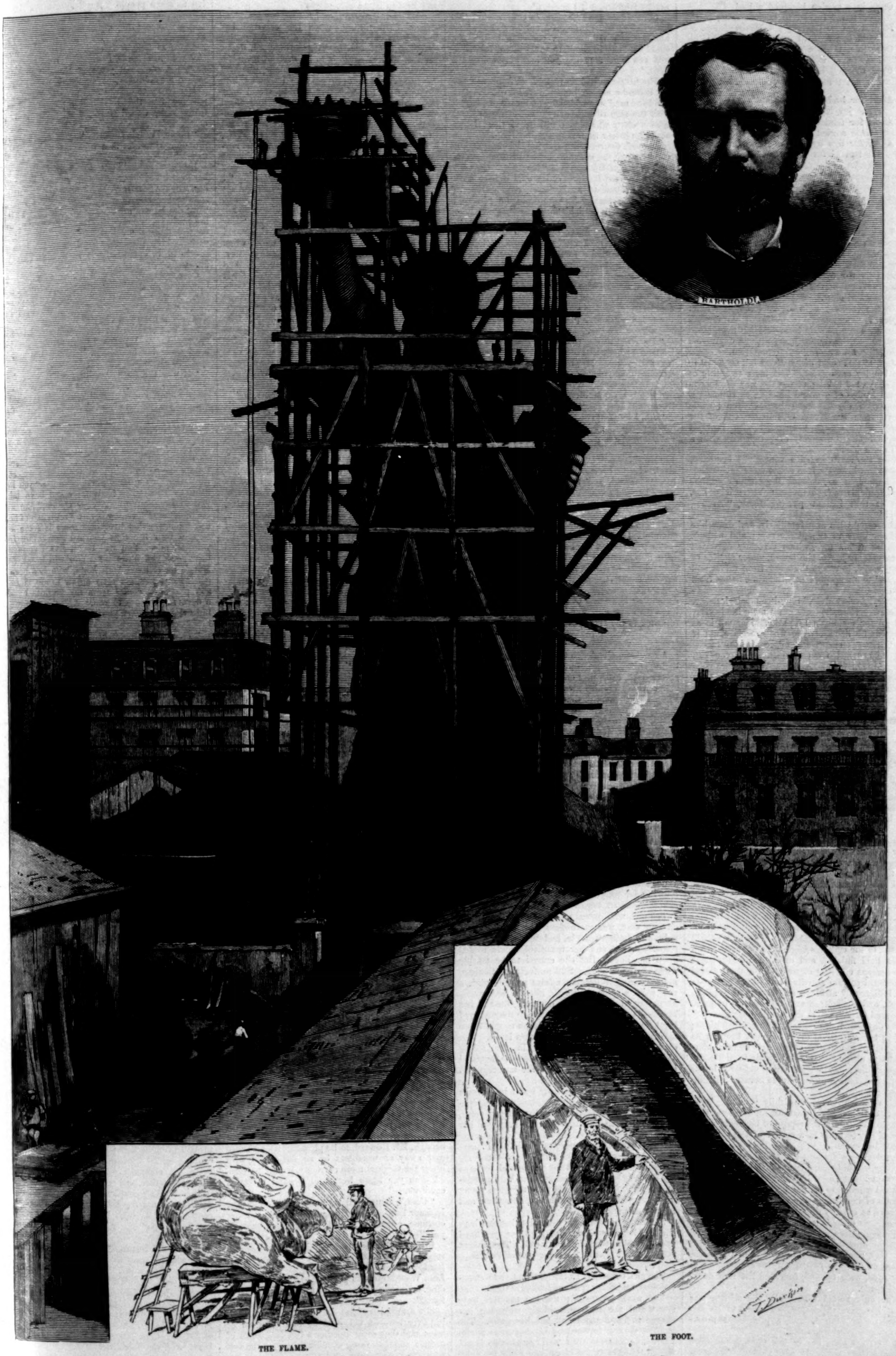
—A member of the Fenian Brotherhood describes the conditions of the service as terribly severe. The written orders to a member are sealed. Whoever has his number drawn must go on his mission. None knows each other's business. "It's a dreadful life—frightened of your greatest friend. There are over two hundred spies, and it's known when you are in and when you are out. If wanted, you must go, and go at once, and no time to say good-by. You are watched to the station and on the steamer; you are watched on your arrival, and watched till your return. It is a cruel, and very cruel, tyranny."

—The University of St. Andrews is not alone in honoring American scholarship. Dr. Charles Waldstein, a member up to the Junior year of the class of 1875 at Columbia College, who has been delivering, during his brief visit to New York, three lectures on Greek art and archæology before the Columbia Alumni Association, is the newly elected director of the Fitzwilliam Art Museum, Cambridge University, England. There were six competitors for the place, left vacant by Professor Sidney Colvin's transfer to the British Museum, and the cry against the choice of a foreigner was raised in this case as with Mr. Lowell. Dr. Waldstein is one of the most live and most popular men at Cambridge, and his success in his specialty, Greek archæology, is because it is to him a living and not a dead subject. His production of "The Birds" at Cambridge proved one of the most notable events of the year in England. He is not only a good scholar, but a good oar, and so has a double right to speak on the subject of his first lecture, "The Influence of Athletic Games on Greek Art."

—Mr. John A. Herndon, of the firm of Hunt, Herndon, & Coleman, Danville, Virginia, writes to the editor of Harper's Magazine expressing his gratification on account of the commencement of a new novel by the Rev. E. P. Roe in the December number of that periodical. Mr. Herndon is an intelligent and cultured manufacturer, and as the opinion of that class of readers seems to us quite as important as that of the professional critic, we take the liberty of quoting the following passage from his letter: "I know how Mr. Roe's works strike me and those with whom I associate. All are good, and some charming, and whether his style attains high literary and artistic merit or not, it measures up to the only standard of merit that I erect: *it satisfies*. I am committed as a reader of Harper while Mr. Roe is a contributor." It is easy, from this judgment rendered by a practical, intelligent business man, to discern the secret of Mr. Roe's success as a novelist. His new novel, "Nature's Serial Story," will, if we mistake not, prove also that he is able to do good work even from the literary critic's point of view. It is beautifully illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson and Frederic Dielman, but it would be, even without such embellishment, the most popular novel of the day.


Driven in.
Warm Quarters.
At the Agency.
C. Graham

INDIANS AT WINTER-QUARTERS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 43.]


BARTHOLDI
J. Durkin

THE FLAME.

THE FOOT.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 47.]

ALAS!

ONCE in a garden bloomed a bud
That never turned to perfect rose;
It died before its fragrant leaves
Could ope and all its sweets disclose.
Once in a heart a dream there slept
That never woke to real bliss.
Once, touched by love, red lips grew warm,
But never met the longed-for kiss.

Alas! for bud that never knew
What joy it is a rose to be.
Alas! for tender dream that ne'er
Became a glad reality.
Alas! for lips by kiss unclaimed.
Alas! alas! for thee and me.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

SHALL IT BE GOLD OR MYRRH?

I.

THAT it began to snow at sundown on Christmas-eve made little difference to the throng on Broadway. People hurried laughingly along, laden to their chins with fantastic packages, well dusted by the flying flakes. The lighted shop windows cast across their scudding figures a many-colored glow.

In the doorway of a studio building Archer Ogden, a young and—to borrow from modern classification a generic term—stylish man, stood gazing upon the thoroughfare with an expression of mingled abstraction and irresolution.

Just at this point of locality a lull occurred in the holiday excitement. The most tempting of the shops lay below; across the way the incompleted edifice of a grand hotel faced rather unsympathetically the belated gift-buyers; while above, from the studio wall to the end of the block, a marble-yard crowded with funereal figures broke the gayety of perspective with a still more decided rebuff.

Past the marble-yard a young girl hastened. Her bright brunette face shone out clearly under the lamp-light as, nearing the studio door, she called quickly to Ogden, who, not perceiving her, was at that instant passing forth, "Archer, wait!"

She caught his arm familiarly, and drew him back. "Just in time," she said; and without glancing at his face, which certainly displayed no welcoming grace, she began, under shelter of the passage, to shake the snow from velvet and fur, and to stamp piquantly the white flakes from her boots.

"Now, Archer dear," rang her musical, petite, imperative voice, "please grant me a kind favor, and go for mamma's keepsake. Mamma is at home, and will surely see whatever is sent; if the Christmas surprise is missed, all the bloom will be brushed from my gift. But you can smuggle it in for me, Archie. Why, where were you going?" She took one rapid survey of his unwilling face. "Never mind; go for me, there's a dear boy, as speedily as you can, and I will wait for you here."

Archer's demeanor was not gracious, but he granted consent. He looked toward the dusky, lampless stairs. "Shall I go up with you?" he asked.

"No, indeed; hurry away; I am not afraid," she said.

He gave her the key of his studio, and she went up the dim stairway to the familiar door, opened it quickly, entered, and turned the key in the lock.

It was a large room, with a ceiling twice the ordinary height. The shutters of its huge window were thrown back, and the black frame inclosed a square of skyward space lazily dotted by the snow with flecks of gray and dark. A coal fire burning in an old-fashioned stove cast across the centre of the room an oval of red light. In this light a shrouded easel and a sofa stood. Wainscoting the walls were life-size full-length portraits, premeditating apparently an immediate answer to Art's "Arise and walk!" Above, to the ceiling's edge, tiers of smaller canvases held finished and unfinished heads; and two screens crossing corners of the room failed to conceal certain startling bits of lay figure—a leg indignantly strident, an elbow's ungracious crook, and one solemn arm uplifted, as by some immured Cassandra, in deprecating menace.

By daylight these objects were commonplace; but at twilight, when every moment brought its own veil of gloom, the counterfeit presentments of human shape flitted incontinently from life-like to ghost-like; mortal speculation gathered in the peering eyeballs, and the studio became a haunted space.

Cora Ogden gazed stealthily around. Then she unbuttoned her furs, took off her hat, drew a chair forward for the repose of her feet, settled herself comfortably in a corner of the sofa, and closed her eyes.

As darkness deepened she divined the air of mystery would become intensified, until even her dormant fancy might be superstitiously aroused. She determined to confine herself to the interior visions of her brain—visions not of a black-letter sort, as cursory dimples testified presently at the corners of her mouth.

Suddenly her expression changed. She leaned forward intently, and clasped her hands tight. Her feet, removed from the round of the chair, seized an attitude preparatory to starting erect. Her eyes, wide opened, searched the now darkened space.

The only sound that broke the silence was faint, irregular, suppressed—a sound to be surmised rather than defined, apprehended rather than appreciated by sense.

"*There is some one in this room,*" said Cora Ogden's clear, petite, decisive voice. "Whoever it is may just as well speak."

Absolute silence followed. Then a voice, a rich, luscious, insinuating barytone, somewhat tremulous, gave answer: "Are you quite sure you will not be frightened if I speak?"

Cora would have scorned to confess that this conciliatory voice brought a curdling chill about her lips. A minute was complete before she could command herself to say, without faltering, "If you have a match, you had better strike a light."

The presence had no match. He fumbled audibly behind a screen, but produced no light. "If you have not," she added, by no means displeased with the sign of incapacity, "come forward and take a chair where you will be visible. I like *anything* better than suspense."

A man's figure, less than six feet in height, but appearing to the startled eyes of his sole spectator the size of Buonarotti's "Moses," at the very least, advanced into the ruddy oval of the fire's glow, and, obedient to the letter, took a chair in conspicuous sight. Toward Cora he ventured not a glance: indeed, his fine blue eyes were temporarily crossed in their vigorous intent to keep abstractly fixed. Shorn of exaggerating beams, he subsided into a muscular youth, blonde, in feature not unlike a Roman athlete—a victor in a chariot race in the time of the Cæsars, his profile suggested.

"Now tell me who you are, and how you came here," said Cora, re-establishing herself in the comfortable corner of the sofa, and regarding the not unattractive phenomenon critically, with eyelids semi-closed.

"I arrived in the steamer *R*—— to-day, from Germany, where I have been studying chemistry for two years. My friend, my college chum, Archer Ogden, made me promise to come to him immediately on my return; and, after dining at my hotel, I came direct. My name is Francis Howard."

"Ah, I have heard my brother—Archie is my brother—speak of you more than once. But did he know—is it possible my brother knew that you were here?"

"He does not even know certainly of my arrival. He had left some word about expecting a foreign friend, and the janitor persuaded me, when I found the main door locked, to avail myself of a side entrance."

"I remember," said Cora, "you came with Archie to dear Beechhurst once. I was away that summer: I was at Saratoga with my aunt."

She pronounced the last few words slowly, and with a tightened voice. At Saratoga, with her aunt, she had met Mr. Latimer Danforth, and had become engaged. Aged sixteen.

At this moment Archer came in, and after smuggling home the Christmas gift, and disposing, with some delay, of his sister and friend, he returned to the studio block.

II.

A carriage, clouded into vague shape by cumbering snow, stood before the building, now altogether dark, excepting one door upon Broadway, under whose cornice gleamed a thread of light. From the carriage to this entrance delicate foot-prints, nearly obliterated by the thick-falling flakes, made a slender path. Ogden, following the footsteps, and using a pass-key, with nervously quick opening and shutting of the door, entered a ground-floor chamber.

In the remotest part of the chamber, duskily white, and identified by its statuesque contents with the adjacent marble-yard, a lamp was shining. Sharply defined by its glare, a girl, wrapped in studied folds of gray drapery, was seated upon a sort of dais. A matronly form, whose garb indicated deepest mourning, cowered near. A student stood before the dais, modelling an image of wet clay.

Ogden approached without a word: his step was agitated, his face very pale. He took from a desk a sketching board mounting a crayon drawing far progressed, and placing himself beside the student, began to sketch.

The girl, who served as a model for both pencil and clay, was motionless like marble; and pale, like Italian marble, had been her delicate *penserosa* face, and her beautiful hands folded upon her knee. But she ceased to be marble when Ogden entered. Still perfectly motionless, not appearing to breathe, a faint pulse of pink, a rosy glow, a color *spirituelle*, like the red ray reflected upon dew, flushed her face, flushed her hands—to the tips of her fingers, to the waves of her hair. The corners of her mouth caught those soft rich folds that Greek sculptors loved. Her eyes, still downcast, betrayed in the subtle weightening of their violet lids—the betrayal reached Ogden's sense—that the unrecognized entrance was thrillingly felt.

At the end of half an hour spent in stillness unbroken save by the almost inaudible manipulation of the artists, the cowering matron arose, withdrawing impatiently the watch from her belt.

"This can last no longer," she said. "It must end, this miserable task that has cost me my peace of mind, and cost my poor child perhaps her life. It is time it reached its end. Ten minutes more. You will have ten minutes, young men, for your finishing touches, and then and forever this ends."

She dropped again upon the low bench where she had been crouched, and kept her eyes fixed upon the minute-hand of her watch. The student rushed to an alcove for some tool or swathing-cloth.

The girl, conscious by instinct that she was unwatched, raised her eyes and looked at Ogden *once.*

The work proceeded; the ten minutes were spent, and the matron, tenderly wrapping her charge in hood and cloak, led her away. The student sprang forward as his beautiful model passed, and reverently kissed her passive hand. Ogden followed to the street, and while the elder woman entered the carriage, quick as thought he lifted the girl in his arms and clasped her to his heart. Some word, inaudible save to her, he said in that embrace, and then his parting whisper was broken like a sob.

"My darling, my Agnes, I *can not* say good-by."

Homeward turning, when the carriage had faded from view, he stood for a moment gazing at the desolate space. The marble-yard, whose funereal figures cause it to be, even at noonday, a startling episode to the promenade, assumed now a spectral air. Brought by its pallor into alliance with the whitened pavement and ashy air, its huddled forms of monument and angel hovered like genii in consulting conclave: it seemed the council-chamber of the storm. Associated with his hapless love, rigidly pitiless, like his fate, it wrung from Archer an exclamation half savage, half sad.

III.

"Because I do hate weddings," said Cora. "I would not be induced to go to this but for Aunt Mary's sake. She must not be refused the satisfaction to air her cream-colored silk and antique lace, and to feast her vision upon her 'dear boy' going up to the altar with Eva Hammond upon his trial trip. Next time, you know, when Archie and Eva undertake that perilous journey, 'twill be for the regular 'better for worse.' And Aunt Mary *ought* to dote upon this match, for it is her own cunning workmanship every bit. Archer has done just as little toward it as politeness permits. We shall see to-night how our 'accomplished Eve' will shine as a bride—rather thin and *brune*, I fear, for all the bridemaids are to be in white, white crêpe with dead-leaf wreaths—how expressive! And as befits the special case of immolation, the bridegroom is to have his coat lined with white satin like a cof— Well, why do you gaze at me so? Are you shocked?"

"I was not gazing because I was shocked."

It hardly required this brief avowal by Francis Howard of his negative position to give Cora a realizing sense of its positive form, "gazing because fascinated," which had been for the last six weeks the young man's occupation whenever opportunity allowed. Opportunity had allowed lavishly, as dangerous opportunities are wont.

Every day he had become more deeply and inextricably fascinated by Cora Ogden. She had the effect upon him that swiftly gliding water, clear and yet opaque, smooth and yet undulating, has upon nerves not easily dazzled or excited or drawn into fatuitous reverie.

Just now, when she paused in the silvery torrent of her little talk to interrogate, "Why do you gaze? are you shocked?" her manner, instead of being abrupt, caught a languor, a dreaminess; her accent was caressing, not sharp.

"Come, then," she said, "for we are late; and Aunt Mary says the etiquette of a wedding is to be in at the death."

"I do not recognize that precise remark," said Aunt Mary; "but I agree with you, my dear, that we are late."

So late they were that, when they approached the scene of the wedding, carriages were thronging the streets for circumjacent blocks. With great difficulty they reached the church door, and with still greater difficulty Aunt Mary, to the despoilment of her antique flounce, was pushed up the middle aisle to an eligible place—into the pew, as fortune chanced, with Mrs. Ogden, who had gone an hour before. Cora made no attempt to follow: there was not a moment. The "Wedding March" struck up; the bride entered.

As Howard stood in the thronged vestibule with Cora clinging to his arm, that sensitive arm felt her hand start. "Archer! what can have happened to Archer?" she whispered, aghast. Eva Hammond, as first bridemaid, was going up the aisle with her cousin, and without Archer the procession passed.

Francis Howard had reached that stage of fascination when a *tête-à-tête* is the flower of delight. Cora made his satisfaction complete by proposing to hasten home for an hour, leaving Aunt Mary to go to the reception with mamma. One composing touch to her toilet, and a search for some message from her brother, were Miss Ogden's first thoughts; then she joined Howard in "mamma's boudoir." She found him intent in comparing with the framed ivory-type of herself, the photograph of his locket. Something in the expression of his ingenuous face gave her conscience a start.

"I have both a confession," he said, "and a request to make. This little photograph—it is yours—was given to me by Charlie Hammond, after persistent entreaty on my part, and the assurance on his that its possession was only an aggravation to him. So far, for nearly two years, I have worn it with no defined motive unless to keep me from falling in love with a duller face. To-night I feel as if it were dishonorable for me to possess it longer without your consent. Will you give it to me, Miss Ogden?"

Cora rarely blushed. She blushed now, as with downcast eyes she answered, "If you are kind enough, Mr. Howard, to be pleased with a picture cast away as worthless by an old friend, who knew the original more correctly, it may be feared, than you know her; and if—and if—upon condition—"

"Cora," murmured a suave voice, and Mr. Latimer Danforth, a dapper man in full evening costume, approached and kissed Miss Ogden's jewelled hand.

Fifteen minutes later, alone in the drawing-room with Howard. "I have disposed of Mr. Danforth," she said. "He arrived to-night from Washington on purpose to attend this wedding. Never mind; you are to go with me; it is fixed."

She seated herself at the piano, Howard bending over her—so near—as he had ventured of late; and they sang together a few fragments of songs; and then Cora, with her foot upon the soft pedal, began to play an intricate left-hand exercise, and while playing it, said,

"I fear you were not altogether agreeably impressed with Mr. Danforth. There is an anachronism about him—of style and date—afflictive to some people. But I assure you he possesses every virtue; the world says so; the mammas say so, and they ought to know. He is worth his weight in—gold. *We have been engaged to be married so long, it is such an old story, no one thinks to mention it, I suppose.* He wishes, but I have not promised yet, that the day should be named for February. Then we are to go abroad."

Her foot was off the soft pedal. The difficult passage for the left hand, played smoothly throughout, ended forte, fortissimo, and she arose.

"Come, Francis Howard." He heard his name pronounced to him in a voice like velvet. "Let us go."

He accompanied her to the carriage, drove with her to the wedding reception, returned home with her, when Aunt Mary, shocked at the truant episode to her matronizing, insisted. But not one word did he say to Cora, or Cora to him, excepting, perhaps, "good-night" on the door-step. And on the morrow he left the city. He felt, not without bitterness, that he had fallen into the snares of an enchantress. He sought safety in flight.

Cora, going directly to her own room, saw her brother in an adjoining chamber writing at a table. A portmanteau half unpacked lay near him. "Archer," she cried, "you dreadful boy, what *could* keep you away?"

She had entered his room, and stood looking reproachfully. He ceased writing, and leaned his head upon his hand in a listening but not responsive attitude.

"It was the most dazzling, melancholy, brilliant affair. Your excuse was not received until noon to-day, and you will never be forgiven—never. Oh, mamma and Aunt Mary have annihilating messages for you. And I felt so sorry for Eva Hammond: those great black creeping eyes of hers went edging round the room, and her poor little lame mouth twitched so. She expected you till the last moment. Why, Archer—" Cora's glance had alighted upon some object of revelation in the open portmanteau—"you have been to Beechhurst! What could have taken you to Beechhurst? Archer Ogden," she went on, impetuously, easing her own reproach of heart in denouncing her brother, "there is some mystery in your life that you are concealing from your friends. You will break Eva Hammond's heart—do you know it? You will break Aunt Mary's heart too—Aunt Mary, who has been so generous to you, perfectly unfair to me, since all she possesses comes from my grandfather, but a devoted creature to you. And you are breaking mamma's heart, you cruel boy; and you are breaking—you are breaking *my* heart," said Cora.

"There is but one heart in the world," said Ogden, savagely, "that I care whether I break or not."

IV.

Dear Beechhurst, as Cora affectionately called her summer home, was a secluded place among wooded hills and wild, rock-bedded streams, far away from those midsummer haunts where conventionalism gives the gloved hand to Nature as the crowd gives its brief hand-shake to Fame's heroes of the hour.

The few neighbors of the Ogdens, with country places verging on a primitive village, were city people like themselves, who retired from a round of exciting pleasure-seeking to breathe pure air and to rest. All the amusements were of a simple, rural kind. The uncleared uplands hemming in the village, and bordering rich farms, sparsely afforded drives; but bridle-paths wound romantically through woods, and foot-paths penetrated the forests to their innermost retreats.

Cora so revelled in the deliciousness of this woodland summer life, it is presumable that she postponed her marriage day from February to November on purpose to include one more season at Beechhurst. Mr. Latimer Danforth appeared once a week to illumine the Sabbath, and the rest of the time Cora spent with young companions, wandering by the trout brooks or scouring the hills.

Every season at Beechhurst had its pet pastime. This year the rage was for rambling. In July the divertisement had become organized, and "sunset rambles" were in vogue. Dining hours were made to conform themselves, and high tea was ordered at nine. Sunset was viewed from some favorite point, and twilight was devoted to devious homeward strolls. Delightful as the pastime proved, it was short-lived. The worthy village considered it indecorous; the matrons of the country-seats took alarm. Archer Ogden had from the first opposed it. "Sunset rambles" were abolished, but not until they had effected their mission of fate, and encircled Beechhurst with mosaics of romance.

In July, Archer's friend Francis Howard, feeling himself proof against the wiles of the heartless and "engaged" Cora, accepted the invitation of his college chum for a month at Beechhurst. The evening strolls were then in the height of their favor. A company numbering twenty or more started together, and returned in exuberant trios or in straggling couples. How happened it that so often among the tardiest of these straggling couples were Archer's friend and Cora?

"Let us go," she said to him one beautiful Sunday afternoon—the only Sunday of the summer that Mr. Danforth had not favored Beechhurst with his presence—"and explore the region of our new cascade." For on the evening before a novel path had attracted the ramblers, and led them to the surprise of a water-fall shining like dim silver through a grove of evergreens.

The very air of the mountains seemed to rejoice in the Sabbath stillness, as though its stillness of all the week were not enough of Sabbath. Earth and sky were rapt in loving communion; the one word that could best describe their calm and concordant beauty was Peace. "What perfect peace!" Cora had said more than once, pausing here and there as some loveliest view opened upon her pathway.

The new cascade proved to be the upper and minor fall of a mountain stream that, flowing onward over a broad plateau, and turning the wheel of a rustic mill, plunged down in what the villagers called the Dagger Cascade, into the wildest ravine near Beechhurst. On the plateau bank, midway between the mill and the upper cascade, stood a stone cottage some time disused, but this summer renewed with veranda and trellis, and surrounded by a little flower garden.

"An anchorite," said Cora, "has fallen in love with this solitude."

They had passed the cottage and entered a grove of evergreens, when they encountered a scene that held them both motionless. It was a tableau accompanied by music.

The tableau presented a green archway with a cascade in the background. Across the archway a hammock, slung from tree to tree, supported the recumbent figure of a beautiful girl. Upon a moss-grown mound at her side was a young man, who held, without reading, an open book.

The music—a hymn sung sweet-voiced by the girl—a melody tender yet pensive, with the refrain, "Thy will be done," had for its instrumental accord the rippling of water between willow boughs that dipped into the stream, and the cascade's tremulous boom.

"Dear Archer," said the girl, when the refrain ceased, "you sing all hymns with me but this. Will you not learn to sing it?"

"If you will allow me to accompany your voice without part in the devotion; but that you would consider sacrilege. I shall never accept those words, Agnes, as you accept them. I shall never cease to rebel against Fate while I know that in the world one consideration, gold, gold, is forever the sceptre. And even apart from the world as we are, my darling, there is no compassion upon Love. If it has no other enemy, it has— Oh, Agnes, how can I ever look upon you and say that enemy's name?"

"I am not afraid to say that name," said the sweet-voiced girl; "and it may be that *Death* is Love's own true friend. Can a girl live *really* more than a year—a woman, I mean—the year when her lover comes? All the rest would be but *repeating*, dearer and dearer, or fainter and fainter. Dear Archer, I have lived my life; I am content. But yours, my soul—you have not lived yours, for a man's life comprises many circles; in all you will outlive your little Agnes—in *all but one*. Yet surely there is kindness in my early doom, since the dark, dark secret, not mine alone, will be buried with me."

V.

"Could we actually have seen Archie yesterday?" said Cora, on the morrow, "or was it 'all a dream'?"

Then Howard begged her—for it was his last day at Beechhurst, and he might not be with her again until after she was married, and not for years perhaps—that she would go with him to the scene of the tableau.

They found in the forest some signs of "work-a-day world." A woodman whistling merrily was marking trees to fell. Dagger Cascade, sluiced above the mill-wheel, rushed in full force. In the garden of the solitary stone cottage a woman was picking flowers. "So our anchorite," said Cora, "has a wife."

Screened by the underwood, they passed unobserved both by the woman in the garden and by Archer Ogden, who but a moment ago, from an opposite direction of the same forest path, had hastily entered the cottage. They reached the evergreen grove. The hammock still hung in the archway, but the enchanting vista was no longer offset by romantic figures in the foreground. Yet stay: a scarlet shawl lay across the mound, a book and sketching materials near. And now a gliding prow became visible beyond the willows; a boat with Agnes in it, reclining upon pillows, floated out into the stream.

At first Cora and her companion did not perceive that the boat was oarless, that it had escaped from its moorings, and was slowly drifting with its powerless voyager into the swift mid-current.

"And over the fall!" Hardly had the words escaped Cora's lips, when Agnes became aware of her danger. She lifted herself from her pillows and called aloud, "Archer! Archer!" The boat swerved suddenly, caught in the stress of the currents, and her face became colorless; she clasped her hands piteously. Then Howard rushed forward and plunged into the stream.

Never was a girl seized with a more overwhelming dizziness at heart and brain than was Cora Ogden at this moment. She saw the boat from gently gliding shoot into an arrowy swiftness; she saw Howard, vigorous swimmer as he was, gaining but slowly on its fatal headway; she saw him at last reach the boat, and clench it, and turn; saw him ineffectually, it seemed, essay return.

Dizzily she leaned against a friendly forest trunk and looked; and now it was Archer that she saw, now Howard, and now a mist, with toiling figures struggling through. A mist, and at last dimly, the boat had touched the bank. The beautiful Agnes was saying her grateful thanks. Archer and Howard had embraced. And then Francis Howard, radiantly flushed, sprang up the bank.

She held out both her hands to him; her face was pale with excitement, her eyes were shining through her tears. "I love you," she said.

"I love *her*, I mean," Cora corrected herself instantly, but too late. When, for the second time, Howard fled from his enchantress, it was with the conviction that in absence, complete and forever, lay *her* safety as well as his.

VI.

"And your engagement to Mr. Latimer Danforth is positively broken off? Pauvre millionnaire! But that isn't half so bad," said Miss Ogden's city friends, "as that you are to be away this week. Christmas-week, of all weeks of the year! How *can* you give up the Ransoms' ball, the R——'s 'mistletoe party,' Will Edward's musicale, Eva Hammond's German?"

"It is a whim of Archie's," was all that Cora could say.

A whim of Archer's carried the whole family away from the city that snowy afternoon. "Something deeper than a whim," thought they who saw Archer's face the morning of Christmas-eve, when in the library at Beechhurst he held consultation with his mother and aunt; or saw it again at night-fall, when, after the half-day's absence, he came home to say, "It must be *to-night*."

From Beechhurst to the stone cottage the wild climbing path was brief, but by the high-road the distance lengthened to miles, for the mill and the plateau and its general approach belonged to another town. Cora, wrapped in furs and nestling in the sleigh beside her mother, left Aunt Mary to keep up the commonplace talk used to muffle hearts that ached, and gave herself to thought.

Not a word escaped her lips until they reached the evergreen grove, and then, with a sorrowing accent, "Oh, Archie!" she sighed. In the change of the scene, from its tremulous verdure to its ice, from its winged sunlight to its pale moonbeams, she saw his life-dream's fate. Never had her brother been so dear to her as now; never was her love for him of avail so slight.

The grove and the glade and the porch of the stone cottage were all white, like statuary, and as pale; but less marble-like, more bloom-like, in its whiteness, was the interior into which they passed. The walls of the room and of the anteroom beyond, lighted by wax candles, were lined with folds of snowy muslin clasped with azure bars, and hung with flowers—everywhere flowers.

The only dark objects were the dark-robed people gathered around the white bed. Among these people stood Francis Howard. Cora had not known that Archie from a distance had summoned this friend.

There are some beings who spiritualize all their surroundings as they spiritualize their lovers' hearts. Such a being was Agnes. And now as she lay dying, her lovely form, her sweet face, the soul that illumined them with a strange new radiance, seemed to shine forth and touch all the space about her with a loving light.

At the death-bed of Agnes two sacraments were united. Such was her lover's wish.

And hardly had she been an hour his wife when the change came. From the time that those words were reached in the service, "Till Death us do part," he had taken her into his arms, and so held her till the last.

Softened voices, Howard's and Cora's falteringly among them, sang the hymn that Agnes loved—the hymn that those two had heard sung in the summer Sabbath by the sweet-voiced girl, "Thy will, Thy will be done." Before the last verse was sung the change came. There fell upon every one that great *silence*. Those who loved Agnes—and who could look at her now without loving her?—drew near and knelt around her bed.

And in that silence, deeper than the silence of the noon-tide in far Southern woods, deeper than the silence of the desert, where only such silent sounds are heard, Cora heard the silent sound of life—the beating of a man's heart. She stretched out her hand toward Howard, and he drew it to his lips.

And in that silence, when all heads were bowed, Agnes looked into her lover's eyes for the last time, looked into his heart of hearts as he had looked into hers, and passed away from earth.

Laura Sanford.

A LIVE-OAK RESERVATION.

On the great map of Louisiana in the Custom-house at New Orleans are certain tracts and islands marked Reservations, and as these were known to have been set aside by the government to save from the axe their luxuriant wealth of live-oaks, in danger of disappearing from the Southern forests to supply material to the ship-building yards, and as strange tales had reached your correspondent concerning the primitive wildness of these places, a trip to one was decided upon.

While exploring and sketching the beauties of their wonderful salt-mines, my desire to visit the island reservation on the Gulf was made known to my hosts. They all entered into the project with characteristic enthusiasm, so that one breezy afternoon I found myself one of five on the stout yacht *Sadie*, working down the bayou that stretches its tortuous length south from Petite Anse to Vermilion Bay and the Gulf.

As night closed we anchored, and spreading the awnings, stowed ourselves below, and fell asleep to the rocking of the waves. At daylight the sails were spread, and bowling before the freshening breeze, we were well on our way ere the sun had dispelled the mists of night.

A change was already apparent in the scenery. The islands were gone, and in their place appeared little knots like puffs of smoke, dancing and shimmering on the horizon's edge. They were the huge oaks on Chinea Tigre and other headlands. Soon everything is but water and sky—motionless blue above, heaving emerald beneath. Then the wind freshened, and "southward aye we flew." By noon it was blowing a gale, and we took in two reefs. The spray flew from the bow in feathery sheets, and two steersmen were at the helm. Suddenly the yacht rose to the summit of a sea, her bow flew up into the wind, the sails thundered in the gale, and we were tossing rudderless on the billows. We caught a glimpse of the broken piece rising on a sea and disappearing in the valley beyond. The small boat was useless for its recovery; it were madness to leave the yacht in such a sea; so we took in sail and came to anchor. Two boat oars were soon lashed astern, and with a small portion of the jib set only, we managed to run off again before the gale.

Toward afternoon, the mists rising a little, we discovered a schooner at anchor. She answered our signal of distress, and sent a boat, but could do nothing except tell us our whereabouts, and the course we must take to reach the shore. We drove before the gale till night-fall, and hearing the sound of breakers, knew we were in Southwest Pass. Slowly we slanted eastward; a bank of marsh-grass appeared bending low before the gale. We reached the breakers. An anchor was cast; it held us but a moment—the cable parted; and we cast another, and were safe. The breakers were booming over the point, and to the left we could see the broad deep tide running seaward, from whose current we had narrowly escaped.

At midnight we heard a steamer's bell, and at daylight descried her at anchor a mile away. She was a cattle-boat, and her people promptly tendered us every assistance. All that day we worked at the anvil and bellows, and at night-fall, with the help of her carpenter and blacksmith, the *Sadie* was fitted with a stout new rudder, and at daylight we resumed our voyage. Experience made us cautious, so we kept land in sight continually, and steered from point to point only. By night-fall we sighted the mast of a boat standing out of the marshy shore, and seeing a break in the rushes, we ran through the breakers, and brought the yacht to anchor in the mouth of a bayou, and fastened up for the night near her. Her sails were gone, also her rudder, and the fragments of her cordage streamed wavering in the wind. We fastened to the bank beside her for company, and slept, undisturbed by the roar of the surf outside.

The next day we spread the sprit-sail of the yawl to the breeze, and four of us started merrily up the bayou, leaving one to mind the yacht. For miles we foamed along before the breeze. The banks, rising but a foot above the water, were covered with a short juicy grass extending for miles on either hand. Clouds of the choicest game birds rose as we brushed by, spreading out before, and rising overhead, to settle tamely behind after we passed. Every bannereted rush and bending reed stalk upheld a piping blackbird swinging in the wind. Fleets of gayly-hued ducks paddled ahead until, on our too near approach, they broke out of water in fluttering clouds, or ran to hide in the grasses. Some we noted with one leg or foot missing—results of too great a familiarity with the swarthy alligators we continually surprised sleeping on the banks at almost every turn.

Stately pelicans swung proudly up the bayou, and flocks of nervous snipe scattered to right and left. A marvellous variety of creatures surrounded us, the air was full of water-hens and plover. Speeding over the straighter stretches, we saw the wary alligator sink from sight at our approach. Huge gar-fish lay on the surface basking in the sun until struck by the prow, when, jumping clear of the water in an ecstasy of fright, they dashed the spray over us, and many dealt our craft heavy blows with their tails, until one of us, mounting guard in the bow, probed with revolver bullets every suspicious-looking object.

After miles of such scenes and incidents the bayou narrowed until our boom brushed over the banks, and we were running between avenues of tall shuddering reeds, where no creature seemed to live. Suddenly we encountered four men in a pirogue. They stopped reluctantly when hailed. How far were we from Pecan? Which was the right channel? Could we find shelter there? These and other questions we put anxiously, but they gave cold responses. "We were in the right channel." "Pecan was not far off." "We might find a house back in the woods, but the owner was away." "The fourth man with them was a minister going to preach at another island." A half-mile more of rowing and pushing brought us to a small sloop in the marsh, riggingless, sailless, deserted. A little further, the channel closed entirely. From here the woods were in plain sight, but a wide expanse of gloomy swamp intervened.

Leaving one to guard the boat, the rest started for the land. At the first step we went to our knees in the quagmire, but grasping our stakes firmly, plodded on in Indian file. Mud was everywhere, and slimy water to our waists; mosquitoes in clouds; beautiful lilies in profusion. We soon reached grass clumps, offering surer foot-hold, but each must be probed for the deadly moccasin. At last we stood on dry land. No small trees covered the belt of grassy border to the forest that rose before us; the edge of the wood was as clearly cut as if by a huge scythe. It was a lofty wall, a magnificent growth of moss-draped oaks stretching off without a break to the horizon.

We paused a few minutes for rest, then plunged within its borders, and found ourselves in a dim mysterious light. Half-lighted vistas stretched away like cathedral aisles into obscurity. Giant vine-covered oaks crossed their massive arms above, from which depended heavy festoons of Spanish moss—gray, silent, pendent, as huge icicles in some frozen Northern cavern. Sassafras, wild orange, and jasmine perfumed the heavy air. The opens lay carpeted thick with delicate ferns and creeping vines, whose shell-like tinted leaves caressed the noiseless foot-fall. Crape-myrtles and creepers hung their sprays before the shadowy nooks, and a lonely mocking-bird's flute-like note echoed through the dreamily mysterious air. Beautiful palmetto clumps spread their fan-like points to the light; the very shadows seemed to beckon us on with fairy forms. On the forest border we found one ancient oak whose scarred trunk bore an arrow-shaped scar above a circular opening—guide-mark probably of some party seeking for the treasures oft reported buried there by the buccaneers.

Approaching night warned us away from this scene of tropical beauty, and by dusk we retraced our miry path, found the boat, and by dark were threading our way down the narrow bayou. After several hours of hard rowing a light appeared in the distance. We approached it cautiously, then stopped, as the tall mast of a lugger loomed through the night. Who could they be thus visiting these lonely waters—pirates, smugglers, or treasure-seekers? As we paused thus in doubt the notes of a rich tenor voice came plaintively floating over the water. We recognized the welcome melody of "Auld Lang Syne," and brushed alongside the stranger craft in time to join in their chorus. We found our friends were a party of Canadian gentlemen who, learning of that wonderful paradise of game, had ventured thither in search of sport, and found the bayou, like ourselves, under stress of weather. By morning we gained the coast, and that same afternoon started home in the yacht. Our return voyage was full of exciting incidents and adventures too lengthy to be recounted here. Suffice to say that steady gales drove us northward until the *Sadie* folded her tired pinions under the hill at Petite Anse, and our voyage to the Isle of Pecans was a thing of the past.

J. O. Davidson.

MY CREDITOR.

O Love!
Most sovereign power!
By every tender token,
By every fond word spoken,
By every hope and sigh,
The glancing of an eye,
The tell-tale blush,
The hectic flush,
Smiles, rhapsody, or tears,
Unspoken doubts or fears,
Unwritten songs to sunshine wed,
Celestial dreams by fancy fed,
From early morn to midnight hour,
Each day, each day,
Must I betray,
And ever prove,
O Love! ah me!
How much am I in debt to thee!

O Love!
I here protest
By every bond and fetter
I'm an insolvent debtor,
With but thy revenue
To cancel debts long due.
Early and late
I liquidate
With Love whate'er I owe
To either friend or foe;
With pitying heart and willing hand
Responding unto each demand
With Love's accruing interest.
Life ebbs, and yet
I'm in thy debt;
And, dying, prove,
O Love! ah me!
I can not get release from thee.

Josephine Pollard.

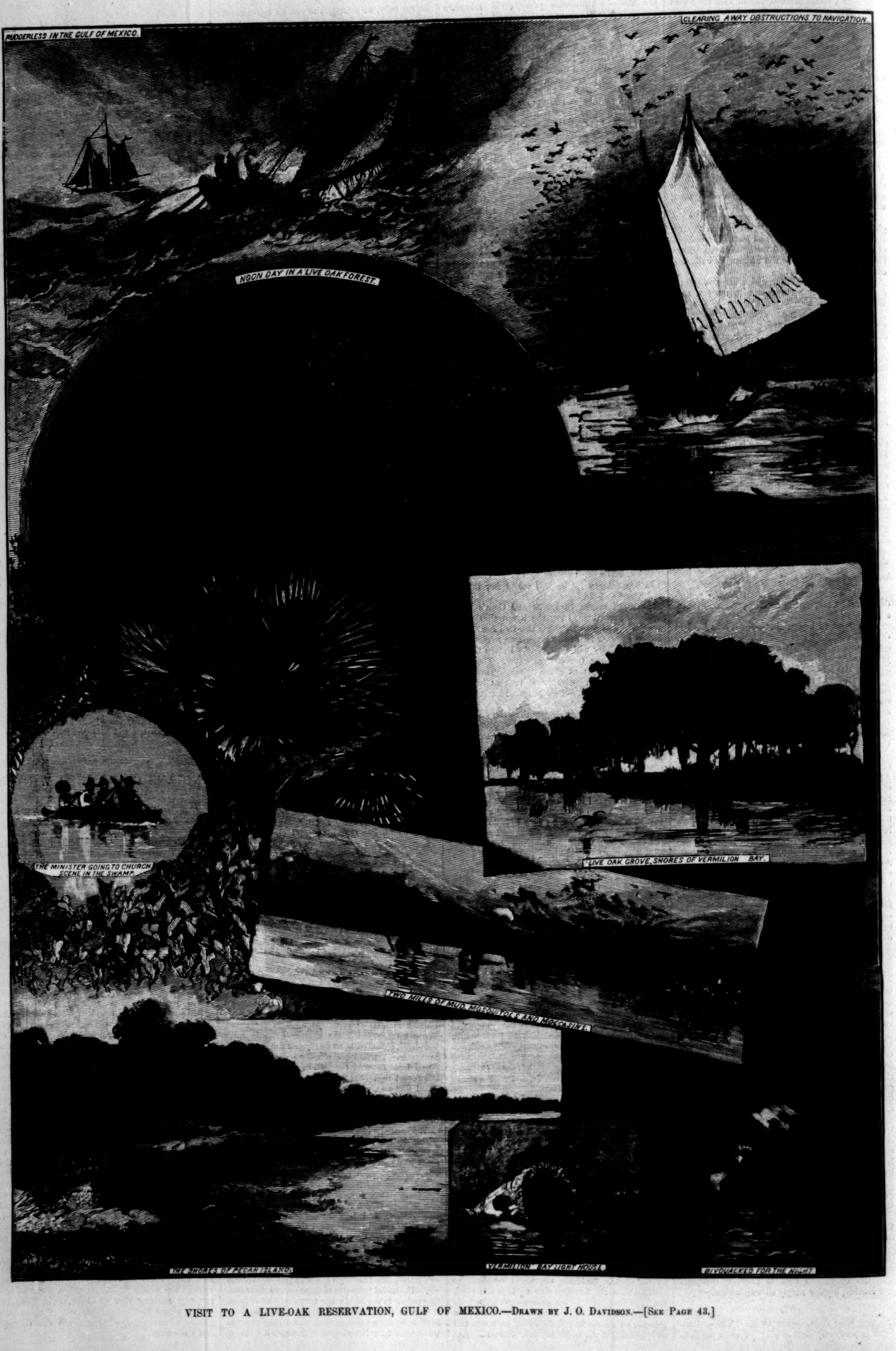
INDIANS GOING INTO WINTER-QUARTERS.

The first blizzard that blows over the Western prairies sends the Indians trooping to the nearest agency, where they will be served with rations through the winter. The agency buildings are usually constructed under the shelter of the foot-hills, and the Indians pitch their tepees under the protection of the stockades. There they live a comfortable, lazy, and contented life until warm weather and growing grass tempt them to the open country again. Mr. Graham's illustrations on page 40 will afford our readers a vivid idea of this phase of Indian life.

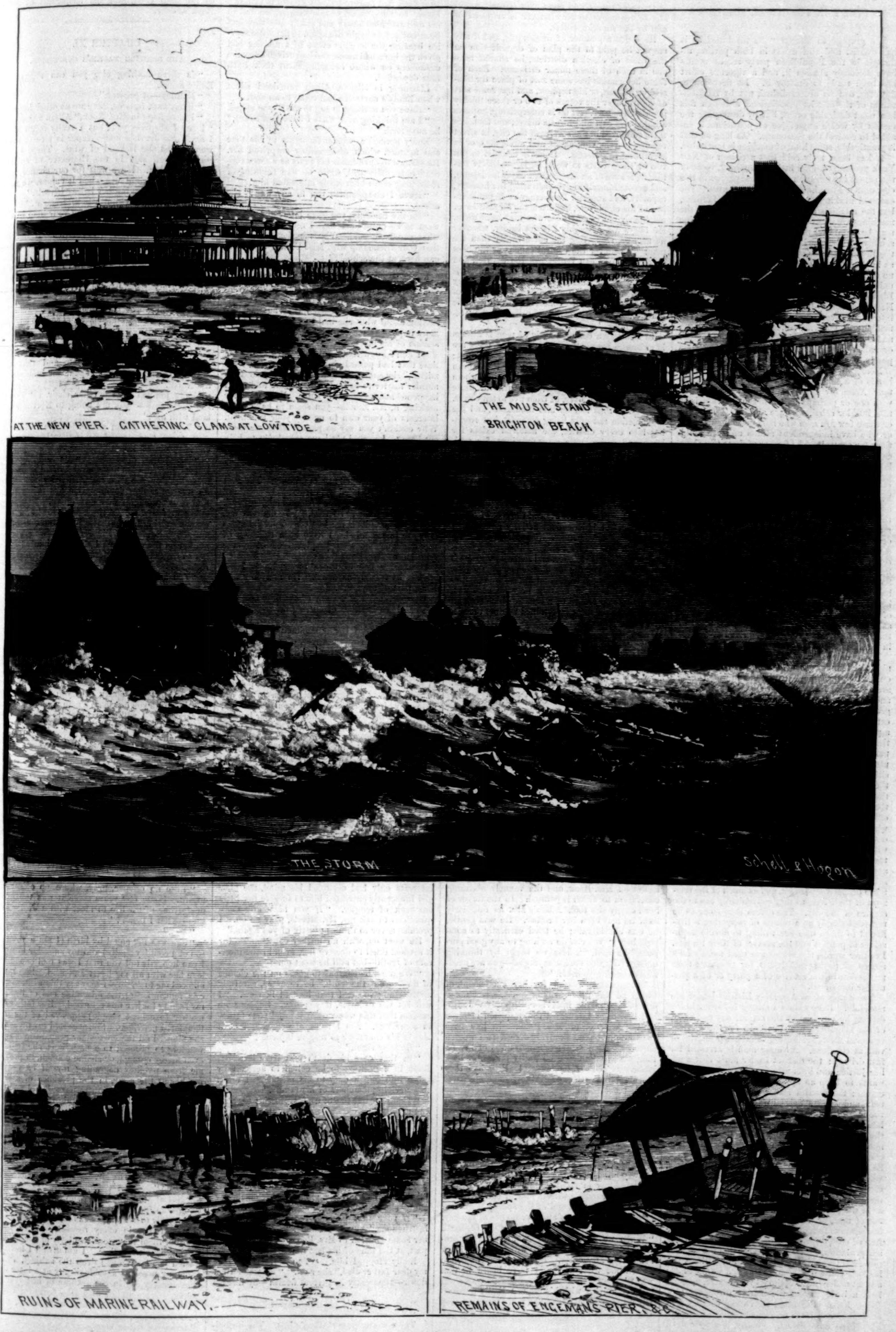
HAVOC ON CONEY ISLAND.

The severe storm of last week caused a great destruction of property on Coney Island beach, breaking up the piers, overthrowing pavilions and other structures, completely demolishing the Marine Railway, and cutting a channel clear across the island. A good idea of the work of the wind and waves may be gained from the sketches of Messrs. Schell and Hogan on another page. If the experience of property owners on the island should induce them to place their structures further back from the surf-line, leaving a wide stretch of beach for the benefit of visitors, the public would have no reason to regret this winter's storm.

The night of the 9th inst. was the severest ever known on the island. "The rain beat down," says a report, "as it seemed never to have done before. The wind roared, and the thunder of the breakers was at times accompanied by the crashing of timbers and the snapping of iron beams. The stoutest houses quivered and creaked in the gale, and those who observed in the morning that their own roofs remained, firmly believed that those of their neighbors had certainly been blown away. Against some of the smaller houses close to the beach not only did the waves beat when the tide was highest, but they carried bathing-houses on their crests, and sent them like battering-rams crashing against the firmer walls. It was a night of terror, and nothing that daylight could have revealed would have astonished any of those who journeyed out in the morning to see what damage had been done."


RUDDERLESS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.
CLEARING AWAY OBSTRUCTIONS TO NAVIGATION.
NOON DAY IN A LIVE OAK FOREST.
THE MINISTER GOING TO CHURCH. SCENE IN THE SWAMP.
LIVE OAK GROVE, SHORES OF VERMILION BAY.
TWO MILES OF MUD, MOSQUITOES AND MOCCASINS.
THE SHORES OF PECAN ISLAND.
VERMILION BAY LIGHT HOUSE.
BIVOUACKED FOR THE NIGHT.

VISIT TO A LIVE-OAK RESERVATION, GULF OF MEXICO.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 43.]


AT THE NEW PIER. GATHERING CLAMS AT LOW TIDE
THE MUSIC STAND BRIGHTON BEACH
THE STORM
Schell & Hogan
RUINS OF MARINE RAILWAY.
REMAINS OF ENGEMAN'S PIER

HAVOC ON CONEY ISLAND—EFFECTS OF THE GREAT STORM.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 43.]

THE PARTY MACHINE IN NEW YORK.

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS.

I.

We propose to discuss "the machine" as it has existed and still exists in both parties, although in the Republican party recent events have seriously shaken it, and a vigorous effort has been made to destroy it. Its destruction, however, can be accomplished, not by reorganization of the district associations, although this is a most desirable event, but by destroying the means by which any clique of politicians is enabled to control the patronage. As long as that is practicable, some kind of machine is inevitable.

It has been truly said that a citizen of New York generally knows little, if anything, more of the actual organization of political parties in this city than a Frenchman or an Englishman. The external working of party machinery is familiar, but the methods and motives which control the machines are very little understood. The machine may be organized nominally on the basis of Assembly Districts, as in Tammany Hall and among the Republicans, or on that of Election Districts, as in the County Democracy; but there is really no difference between the two systems, the actual unit of organization being always the Assembly District. Of these latter there are in the city of New York twenty-four, which, in turn, are divided into about seven hundred election districts. The machine is governed directly from the centre, and is a close corporation. The Assembly District organizations receive their policy, even in matters purely local, from the centre.

Nominally all power ultimately falls into the hands of a caucus of the leaders of the Twenty-four Assembly Districts, but it actually rests with one or perhaps half a dozen individuals in this interior cabal, who are absolute. This one or these few are men who hold prominent offices, or who have independent means and are ambitious for control. The former of these two classes supply offices for their subordinates and followers, and the latter class contribute out of their personal means for campaign purposes. In conference—which is a formality always strictly adhered to—these leaders can invariably compel adherence to their views by at least a majority of the caucus, and thus through the formal government of the majority give the semblance of democratic methods to the course pursued. In these caucuses the inquiry is not what the district leaders or the people of the districts really think best, but what the few men in control have decided. So true is this that there are few men who have had practical experience in politics who have not heard more serious complaints from the captains of tens and of hundreds because of their inability at times to find out exactly what is expected of them, than because they are deprived of a voice in framing the policy of the party.

A single department is of itself enough to furnish the foundations of a machine. It only requires that the department be one in which there are a score of fair places for superior politicians, and a laborers' pay-roll for the rank and file. A great department like that of the Public Works can always be controlled for the maintenance of a powerful organization which shall for all practical purposes be the personal property of the departmental head. The better offices are distributed among those who are expected to fill the position of district leaders, or if, as is frequently the case, some man who has a passion for politics, but who does not care for an office, assumes the leadership of a district, then one of the better offices is given to such person as he shall select, who becomes the district lieutenant. These leaders and lieutenants are expected, in conformity with the tacitly understood terms of their contract, to obey the central power uncomplainingly, and to devote so much of their days, nights, and salaries as may be necessary to keeping their districts properly organized, and as much of the remnant of their time as they conveniently can to the service of the city. The offices thus come to be regarded simply as a means of supplying a livelihood to those who are willing to devote themselves to politics and the service of their leaders. In other words, the offices are used merely as a means of paying politicians for pursuing their profession in the service of a party or of a particular individual.

The duties of an Assembly District leader are manifold. If he wishes a strong following in his district he must be at the service day and night of his neighbors, who, in return for the services rendered them, are willing to attend primaries or vote at elections. A young man is arrested for fast driving: the district leader must visit a police justice and intercede for him. An old man wants to keep an apple stand on a frequented corner: the district leader must see his Alderman and have a special ordinance passed over the Mayor's veto. A city ordinance has been violated, and the violator reported by the police to the Corporation Attorney: the district leader must see the Corporation Attorney and have the complaint pigeon-holed; or if he fails in this, he must see the justice and have it dismissed when it is called for trial. If a laborer who can serve him is out of work, he must find something for him to do on the streets, or on the aqueduct, or in the parks. If a builder employing a number of men, or a lot owner who is putting up a house, wants four or five feet of the city's property, free of cost, on which to build a "swell front" or a bay-window, the leader must see that the application runs through the board, with or without the Mayor's consent. If a corporation wants to dig a vault under the street to its very centre, he must lend a hand to put the matter through. If a liquor dealer is arrested for selling without a license, he must leave no stone unturned to secure his escape unpunished. Finally, if a poor devil is in want of a dollar, he must let him have it. He must attend all political meetings, go to club picnics, attend church fairs, not permit himself to be forgotten in the liquor stores and other places of frequent resort, and must hold himself generally in readiness to do whatever is required of him by the superior chiefs.

He needs a number of lieutenants, and if any respect be paid to the plan of organization on the basis of election districts, he should have one in each of these minor divisions. Each of these lieutenants has some sort of place for himself, or his son, or his nephew, and has some sort of control over the voters of two or three thickly populated houses. If he is enterprising, he buys a horse and cart and hires a driver, and then has them employed in the service of the city, in street repairs, in removing ashes and sweepings, or in sprinkling the streets. If he is enabled to put two or three carts to work, he is peculiarly fortunate, is sure of an income, can enjoy his leisure, and devote himself to demonstrating the honesty, capacity, and superior Democracy or Republicanism of his employers, besides doing all manner of neighborly offices for those who may need them. He obeys his Assembly District leader, whoever he may be, respecting the office rather than the man. Whenever the central caucus or the boss desires it, they can reorganize the district, and select a new leader, to whom all the lieutenants must report, or surrender their livings. They consequently succumb, and give the most perfect demonstration of the "cohesive power of public plunder," or, as Demosthenes called it, the "cement of office."

In this way a compact body of men is always in existence for party purposes. First, there are the bosses, sachems, commissioners, or what not; then the Assembly District leaders; then seven hundred or more minor lieutenants, each of whom can command the services, in return for those rendered by themselves, of from five to ten voters. The figures thus run up into thousands, and the organization not only being compact, but reaching into every district, the material exists for large and enthusiastic mass-meetings, for well-attended primaries, for an active canvass throughout the city, and, above all, for a thorough manning of the polls on election day. The internal organization of parties is such that independent and thoughtful voters can take part in preliminary party activity only as counters played in the game by the professionals, or at the cost of seeing every effort at independent activity nullified by the power of the machine. Sometimes this nullification is effected by a suborned majority, sometimes by physical violence, and sometimes through outright fraud and the falsification of the records. If this be objected to, and an appeal be taken to the central body, a hearing may be accorded, but there is no record of a case in which such an appeal has ever been determined against the district leader.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER X.

GUESSES AT THE TRUTH.

"What are we to do next? Oh, Mr. Morris, you must have seen all sorts of people in your time—you know human nature, and I don't. Help me with a word of advice!"

Emily forgot that he was in love with her—forgot everything but the effect produced by the locket on Mrs. Rook, and the vaguely alarming conclusion to which it pointed. In the fervor of her anxiety she took Alban's arm as familiarly as if he had been her brother. He was gentle, he was considerate; he tried earnestly to compose her. "We can do nothing to any good purpose," he said, "unless we begin by thinking quietly. Pardon me for saying so—you are needlessly exciting yourself."

There was a reason for her excitement, of which he was necessarily ignorant. Her memory of the night interview with Miss Jethro had inevitably intensified the suspicion inspired by the conduct of Mrs. Rook. In less than twenty-four hours Emily had seen two women shrinking from secret remembrances of her father, which might well be guilty remembrances, innocently excited by herself! How had they injured him? Of what infamy on their parts did his beloved and stainless memory remind them? Who could fathom the mystery of it? "What does it mean?" she cried, looking wildly in Alban's compassionate face. "You *must* have formed some idea of your own. What does it mean?"

"Come and sit down, Miss Emily. We will try if we can find out what it means together."

They returned to the shady solitude under the trees. Away in front of the house the distant grating of carriage wheels told of the arrival of Miss Ladd's guests, and of the speedy beginning of the entertainments and ceremonies of the day.

"We must help each other," Alban resumed. "When we first spoke of Mrs. Rook, you mentioned Miss Cecilia Wyvil as a person who knew something about her. Have you any objection to tell me what you may have heard in that way?"

In complying with his request Emily necessarily repeated what Cecila had told Francine, when the two girls had met that morning in the garden.

Alban now knew how Emily had obtained employment as Sir Jervis's secretary; how Mr. and Mrs. Rook had been previously known to Cecilia's father as respectable people keeping an inn in his own neighborhood; and finally how they had been obliged to begin life again in domestic service because the terrible event of a murder had given the inn a bad name, and had driven away the customers on whose encouragement their business depended.

Listening in silence, Alban remained silent when Emily's narrative had come to an end.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked.

"I am thinking over what I have just heard," he answered.

Emily noticed a certain formality in his tone and manner, which disagreeably surprised her. He seemed to have made his reply as a mere concession to politeness, while he was thinking of something else which really interested him.

"Have I disappointed you in any way?" she asked.

"On the contrary, you have interested me. I want to be quite sure that I remember exactly what you have said. You mentioned, I think, that your friendship with Miss Cecilia Wyvil began here, at the school?"

"Yes."

"And, in speaking of the murder at the village inn, you told me that the crime was committed—I have forgotten how long ago?"

His manner still suggested that he was idly talking about what she had told him, while some more important subject for reflection was in possession of his mind.

"I don't know that I said anything about the time that had passed since the crime was committed," she answered, sharply. "What does the murder matter to *us?* I think Cecilia told me it happened about four years since. Excuse me for noticing it, Mr. Morris—you seem to have some interests of your own to occupy your attention. Why couldn't you say so plainly when we came out here? I should not have asked you to help me, in that case. Since my poor father's death I have been used to fight through my troubles by myself."

She rose, and looked at him proudly. The next moment her eyes filled with tears.

In spite of her resistance, Alban took her hand. "Dear Miss Emily," he said, "you distress me. You have not done me justice. Your interests only are in my mind. I have been thinking of the one question that perplexes us both—the question of Mrs. Rook."

Answering her in those terms, he had not spoken as frankly as usual. He had only told her a part of the truth.

Hearing that the woman whom they had just left had been landlady of an inn, and that a murder had been committed under her roof, he was led to ask himself if any explanation might be found, in these circumstances, of the otherwise incomprehensible effect produced on Mrs. Rook by the inscription on the locket.

In the pursuit of this inquiry there had arisen in his mind a monstrous suspicion, which pointed to Mrs. Rook. It impelled him to ascertain the date at which the murder had been committed, and (if the discovery encouraged further investigation) to find out next the manner of Mr. Brown's death. In yielding to his own morbid curiosity he had made his inquiries with anxious consideration for Emily, using such precautions and evasions as would prevent her from even suspecting the inferences to which her information might innocently lead.

Thus far, what progress had he made? He had discovered that the date of Mr. Brown's death inscribed on the locket and the date of the crime committed at the inn approached each other nearly enough to justify further investigation.

In the mean time, had he succeeded in keeping his object concealed from Emily? He had perfectly succeeded. Hearing him declare that her interests only had occupied his mind, the poor girl innocently entreated him to forgive her little outbreak of temper. "If you have any more questions to ask me, Mr. Morris, pray go on. I promise never to think unjustly of you again."

He went on, with an uneasy conscience—for it seemed cruel to deceive her, even in the interests of truth—but still he went on.

"We must be content to guess on the chance of finding out the truth," he resumed, carefully approaching the end that he had in view. "I will set the example, if you like. Suppose we assume that this woman has injured your father in some way. Am I right in believing that it was in his character to forgive injuries?"

"Entirely right."

"In that case his death may have left Mrs. Rook in a position to be called to account by those who owe a duty to his memory—I mean the surviving members of his family."

"There are but two of us, Mr. Morris: my aunt and myself."

"There are his executors."

"My aunt is his only executor."

"Your father's sister, I presume?"

"Yes."

"He may have left instructions with her which might be of the greatest use to us."

"I will write to-day and find out," Emily replied. "I had already planned to consult my aunt," she added, thinking again of Miss Jethro.

"If your aunt has not received any positive instructions," Alban continued, "she may remember some allusion to Mrs. Rook, on your father's part, at the time of his last illness—"

Emily stopped him. "You don't know how my dear father died," she said. "He was struck down—apparently in perfect health—by disease of the heart."

"Struck down in his own house?"

"Yes—in his own house."

Those words closed Alban's lips. The investigation, so carefully and so delicately conducted, had failed to serve any useful purpose. He had now ascertained the manner of Mr. Brown's death and the place of Mr. Brown's death—and he was as far from confirming his suspicions of Mrs. Rook as ever.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DRAWING MASTER'S CONFESSION.

"Is there nothing else you can suggest?" Emily asked.

"Nothing—at present."

"If my aunt fails us, have we no other hope?"

"I have hope in Mrs. Rook," Alban answered. "I see I surprise you; but I really mean what I say. Sir Jervis's housekeeper is an excitable woman, and she is fond of wine. There is always a weak side in the character of such a person as that. If we wait for our chance, and turn it to the right use when it comes, we may yet succeed in making her betray herself."

Emily listened to him in bewilderment.

"You talk as if I was sure of your help in the future," she said. "Have you forgotten that I leave school to-day, never to return? In half an hour more I shall be condemned to a long journey in the company of that horrible creature—with a life to look forward to in the same house with her, among strangers! A miserable prospect, and a hard trial of a girl's courage—is it not, Mr. Morris?"

"You will at least have one person, Miss Emily, who will try with all his heart and soul to encourage you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Alban, quietly, "that the midsummer vacation begins to-day, and that the drawing master is going to spend his holidays in the North."

Emily jumped up from her chair. "You!" she exclaimed—"*you* are going to Northumberland with me!"

"Why not?" Alban asked. "The railway is open to all travellers alike, if they have money enough to buy a ticket."

"Mr. Morris, what *can* you be thinking of? Indeed, indeed, I am not ungrateful. I know you mean kindly—you are a good, generous man. But do remember how completely a girl in my position is at the mercy of appearances. You, travelling in the same carriage with me! and that woman putting her own vile interpretation on it, and degrading me in Sir Jervis Redwood's estimation on the day when I enter his house! Oh, it's worse than thoughtless—it's madness, downright madness."

"You are quite right," Alban gravely agreed. "It *is* madness. I lost whatever little reason I once possessed, Miss Emily, on the day when I first met you out walking with the young ladies of the school."

Emily turned away in significant silence. Alban followed her.

"You promised just now," he said, "never to think unjustly of me again. I respect and admire you far too sincerely to take a base advantage of this occasion—the only occasion on which I have been permitted to speak with you alone. Wait a little before you condemn a man whom you don't understand. I will say nothing to annoy you—I only ask leave to explain myself. Will you take your chair again?"

She returned unwillingly to her seat. "It can only end," she thought, sadly, "in my disappointing him."

"I have had the worst possible opinion of women for years past," Alban resumed; "and the only reason I can give for it condemns me out of my own mouth. I have been infamously treated by one woman, and my wounded self-esteem has meanly revenged itself by reviling the whole sex. Wait a little, Miss Emily. My fault has received its fit punishment. I have been thoroughly humiliated, and *you* have done it."

"Mr. Morris!"

"Take no offense, pray, where no offense is meant. Some few years since it was the great misfortune of my life to meet with a Jilt. You know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"She was my equal by birth (I am a younger son of a country squire) and my superior in rank. I can honestly tell you that I was fool enough to love her with all my heart and soul. She never allowed me to doubt—I may say this without conceit, remembering the miserable end of it—that my feeling for her was returned. Her father and mother (excellent people) approved of the contemplated marriage. She accepted my presents; she allowed all the customary preparations for a wedding to proceed to completion; she had not even mercy enough, or shame enough, to prevent me from publicly degrading myself by waiting for her at the altar, in the presence of a large congregation. The minutes passed, and no bride appeared. The clergyman, waiting like me, was requested to return to the vestry. I was invited to follow him. You foresee the end of the story, of course? She had run away with another man. But can you guess who the man was? Her groom."

Emily's face reddened with indignation. "She suffered for it? Oh, Mr. Morris, surely she suffered for it!"

"Not at all. She had money enough to reward the groom for marrying her; and she let herself down easily to her husband's level. It was a suitable marriage in every respect. When I last heard of them they were regularly in the habit of getting drunk together. I am afraid I have disgusted you? We will drop the subject, and resume my precious autobiography at a later date. One showery day in the autumn of last year you young ladies went out with Miss Ladd for a walk. When you were all trotting back again, under your umbrellas, did you (in particular) notice an ill-tempered fellow standing in the road, and getting a good look at you, on the high foot-path above him?"

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

Emily smiled, in spite of herself. "I don't remember it," she said.

"You wore a brown jacket which fitted you as if you had been born in it, and you had the smartest little straw hat I ever saw on a woman's head. It was the first time I ever noticed such things. I think I could paint a portrait of the boots you wore (mud included) from memory alone. That was the impression you produced on me. After believing, honestly believing, that love was one of the lost illusions of my life—after feeling, honestly feeling, that I would as soon look at the devil as look at a woman—there was the state of mind to which retribution had reduced me, using for its instrument Miss Emily Brown. Oh, don't be afraid of what I may say next! In your presence, and out of your presence, I'm man enough to be ashamed of my own folly. I am resisting your influence over me at this moment with the strongest of all resolutions—the resolution of despair. Let's look at the humorous side of the story again. What do you think I did when the regiment of young ladies had passed by me?"

Emily declined to guess.

"I followed you back to the school; and, on pretense of having a daughter to educate, I got one of Miss Ladd's prospectuses from the porter at the lodge gate. I was in your neighborhood, you must know, on a sketching tour. I went back to my inn, and seriously considered what had happened to me. The result of my cogitations was that I went abroad. Only for a change—not at all because I was trying to weaken the impression you had produced on me! After a while I returned to England. Only because I was tired of travelling—not at all because your influence drew me back! Another interval passed; and luck turned my way, for a wonder. The drawing master's place became vacant here. Miss Ladd advertised; I produced my testimonials, and took the situation. Only because the salary was a welcome certainty to a poor man—not at all because the new position brought me into personal association with Miss Emily Brown! Do you begin to see why I have troubled you with all this talk about myself? Apply the contemptible system of self-delusion which my confession has revealed, to that holiday arrangement for a tour in the north which has astonished and annoyed you. I am going to travel this afternoon by your train. Only because I feel an intelligent longing to see the northernmost county of England—not at all because I won't let you trust yourself alone with Mrs. Rook! Not at all because I won't leave you to enter Sir Jervis Redwood's service without a friend within reach in case you want him! Mad? Oh yes—perfectly mad. But tell me this: what do all sensible people do when they find themselves in the company of a lunatic? They humor him. Let me take your ticket, and see your luggage labelled: I only ask leave to be your travelling servant. If you are proud—I shall like you all the better if you are—pay me wages and keep me in my proper place in that way."

Some girls, addressed with this reckless intermingling of jest and earnest, would have felt confused, and some would have felt flattered. With a good-tempered resolution, which never passed the limits of modesty and refinement, Emily met Alban Morris on his own ground.

"You have said you respect me," she began; "I am going to prove that I believe you. The least I can do is not to misinterpret you, on my side. Am I to understand, Mr. Morris—you won't think the worse of me, I hope, if I speak plainly—am I to understand that you are in love with me?"

"Yes, Miss Emily—if you please."

He had answered with the quaint gravity which was peculiar to him; but he was already conscious of a sense of discouragement. Her composure was a bad sign—from his point of view.

"My time will come, I dare say," she proceeded. "At present I know nothing of love by experience; I only know what some of my school-fellows talk about in secret. Judging by what they tell me, a girl blushes when her lover pleads with her to favor his addresses. Am I blushing?"

"Must I speak plainly too?" Alban asked.

"If you have no objection," she answered, as composedly as if she had been speaking to her grandfather.

"Then, Miss Emily, I must say—you are not blushing."

She went on. "Another token of love—as I am informed—is to tremble. Am I trembling?"

"No."

"Am I too confused to look at you?"

"No."

"Do I walk away with dignity, and then stop and steal a timid glance at my lover over my shoulder?"

"I wish you did!"

"A plain answer, Mr. Morris. Yes or No."

"No—of course."

"In one last word, do I give you any sort of encouragement to try again?"

"In one last word, I have made a fool of myself, and you have taken the kindest possible way of telling me so."

This time she made no attempt to reply in his own tone. The good-humored gayety of her manner disappeared. She was in earnest—truly, sadly in earnest—when she said her next words.

"Is it not best, in your own interests, that we should bid each other good-by?" she asked. "In the time to come—when you only remember how kind you once were to me—we may look forward to meeting again. After all that you have suffered, so bitterly and so undeservedly, don't, pray don't, make me feel that another woman has behaved cruelly to you, and that I—so grieved to distress you—am that heartless creature!"

Never in her life had she been so irresistibly charming as she was at that moment. Her sweet nature showed all its innocent pity for him in her face.

He saw it—he felt it—he was not unworthy of it. In silence he lifted her hand to his lips. He turned pale as he kissed it.

"Say that you agree with me!" she pleaded.

"I obey you."

As he answered he pointed to the lawn at their feet. "Look," he said, "at that dead leaf which the air is wafting over the grass. Is it possible that such sympathy as you feel for Me, such love as I feel for You, can waste, wither, and fall to the ground like that leaf? I leave you, Emily, with the firm conviction that there is a time of fulfillment to come in our two lives. Happen what may in the interval—I trust the future."

The words had barely passed his lips when the voice of one of the servants reached them from the house. "Miss Emily! are you in the garden?"

Emily stepped out into the sunshine. The servant hurried to meet her, and placed a telegram in her hand. She looked at it with a sudden misgiving. In her small experience a telegram was associated with the communication of bad news.

She conquered her hesitation—opened it—read it. The color left her face: she shuddered. The telegram dropped on the grass.

"Read it," she said, faintly, as Alban picked it up.

He read these words: "Come to London directly. Miss Letitia is dangerously ill."

"Your aunt?" he asked.

"Yes—my aunt."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COULD WE BUT KNOW!

We purely love, and seek with service sweet
Some true response to earn;
We give, and give, until our hearts may break,
And meet with no return.
O love, O slighted love, where dost thou go?
Could we but know!

We catch some noble hope, and tenderly
We nurse it day by day,
Even on our souls; yet weeping we may see
It slowly fade away.
O hope, sweet flattering hope, where dost thou go?
Could we but know!

We build so patiently, we toil for years,
We are so glad and brave;
The end perchance is failure, loss, and tears,
And the low dreamless grave.
O wasted labor, is it even so?
Where did it go?

Where do they go to, our neglected prayers,
Our sweet vain dreams and aims,
Our patient slighted love, our thoughtful cares,
Lost labors, and lost gains?
And are they lost indeed? Or is it we
Who fail to see?

Where goes the perfume of the musk-sweet rose,
The robin's happy song,
The murmur of the river as it flows,
The wind so fresh and strong?
The scent, the melody, the help, each gives
Most surely lives.

No good thing can be lost, no real worth,
Nothing that's true and pure.
We do not see the seed-corn in the earth:
The harvest time is sure.
Prayer, love, and hope, and work are golden grain
None sows in vain.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

The statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"—the gift of the French nation to the American people—is now, after many years of labor, completed, and ready for shipment to New York. It was lately put together in Paris, not only that the artist might judge of the general effect, but to ascertain that the hundreds of pieces of which the work consists fitted accurately and made a grand artistic whole. Our illustration represents it still surrounded with the scaffolding necessary for its erection; but even with these hard lines interrupting the view it can easily be seen how grand are its proportions, how simple yet noble the conception. In our view the torch which the goddess is to bear aloft, at once a symbol of the light of freedom which America diffuses, and a beacon to the immigrant who seeks here the liberty he can not elsewhere find, is not as yet in its place, but an idea of it can be formed from the subjoined vignette. To say that the figure will exceed one hundred feet in height will convey no meaning to many of us; but a comparison such as we give of the human figure in juxtaposition to the mere heel of the colossal memorial will aid even the least imaginative in realizing the grandeur of the statue when it towers aloft in its entirety over the waters of the bay.

The first project of erecting the statue dates back to 1876, when the "Union Franco-Americaine" conceived the idea of commemorating the centenary of our independence by a gift worthy of the occasion and of the people who aided us in our struggle. Among the members of the committee formed for carrying out the idea were the names of **Lafayette**, **Rochambeau**, **De Noailles**, **Rémusat**, **De Tocqueville**, **Laboulaye**, and others, whose ancestors had fought under the orders of General **Washington**. In their first prospectus they say, "We design to erect in the unequalled harbor of New York a gigantic statue on the threshold of the New World, to rise from the bosom of the waves, and represent Liberty enlightening the World." The French have done their part nobly, and funds adequate for the purpose were raised without having recourse to claptrap methods of extorting money from unwilling pockets. It says little for the public spirit of the wealthy citizens of New York that such difficulty has been found in raising the money for the pedestal to support the generous gift of our earliest ally. The statue itself, we repeat, is now complete; let us do our part, and assure it a fitting basis. We are all familiar with the design; and the hand which, first at the Centennial Exhibition, and then in Madison Square, attracted every eye, will, we trust, soon be seen shedding the rays of the electric light over the waters of the Upper Bay. We give also a portrait of M. **Bartholdi**, the artist to whose genius and unselfish labors we owe this great work of art. Born at Colmar in 1834, he became a pupil of **Ary Scheffer**, but soon devoted himself to sculpture. He will be best remembered by his monumental productions. One of his early works is "Genius in the Claws of Poverty," an allegorical design, followed by a grand figure of the greatest of the old Gallic patriots, **Vercingetorix**. **Bartholdi** has adorned his native town by several of his creations. He erected a fountain in it, dedicated to the memory of **Schoen**, the painter, and has added others bearing the statues of Admiral **Bruat** and General **Rapp**. He also was the designer of the "Lion of Belfort," the monument that will perpetuate the heroic defense of that hardly beleaguered town. M. **Bartholdi** was made a member of the Legion of Honor in 1863, and the quality of his work can be seen in his statue of **Lafayette** in Union Square, the most graceful statue in our city. The works for the pedestal are now in progress at Bedloe's Island, and it is to be hoped that the substructure will be worthy of the noble figure it has to support.

THE NIGHT SCHOOLS AT SING SING.

The idea of teaching the inmates of prisons is not a new one. It was formerly in practice at the great prison at Sing Sing, but was abandoned for reasons which it is not necessary to recount here. It has just been renewed by Mr. **Brush**, the Warden, and on a system which promises substantial results. The schools are for the present on a very simple plan, and with a very limited scope. They are not on that account less useful. They are intended for the prisoners who can neither read nor write, or who can read but not write. The number of these now in the schools is eighty out of a total of 1450, but it is probable that this will be increased as a more careful research is made. While entrance on the school work is voluntary (the prisoner not being forced, though strongly urged to come in), when he has once made up his mind to enter he is not excused from attendance. As a matter of fact, all known illiterates in the prison are now in the schools, except two or three who are pretty old, or whose eyes are weak. The school is, however, popular, if the term may be allowed of this strange and sad community, where, however, there is much more force of "public opinion" than would be supposed. The trouble is not to get in those who are illiterate, but to keep out those who are not, but pretend to be, for the sake of getting in, and for whom there is not at present any room or proper accommodation.

The schools are under the general supervision of the chaplain—a man of shrewd practical intelligence as well as hearty interest in his work. The teachers are inmates of the prison, who have had experience in teaching, and are fitted for very different work. When Warden **Brush** was asked, "Who are they?" he said, simply, "I don't think they would like their names known." The remark was a key to the Warden's character and system. He respects the rights and the feelings of the men under his charge as naturally and completely as if they were on a social level with himself. Why should he not? Why, indeed? But it is a rare exception, and goes far to explain many things in Sing Sing which are a credit to the State and an honor to humanity.

The schools are held six nights in the week, forty men attending on alternate nights. On the nights when they are not in the school, they are given books and slates, and allowed to study in their "rooms"—they are seldom referred to as "cells" in Sing Sing. It is usually found that the men use this opportunity faithfully, and are much interested in it, and get the aid of their companions. The studies are confined to reading, writing, the four simple rules of arithmetic, and the elements of fractions. It is the golden rule of primary instruction—"the three R's." The progress of the men is rapid, more so than one would at first suppose. It must be remembered, however, that their minds have really been trained to some extent, that they have, for instance, in most cases, mastered the forms of letters, and that they have a practical idea of the simpler relations of numbers. Moreover—and this is the most important—the hour in the school-room is an intense relief to the tedious monotony of their existence, and a welcome gleam from the wholesome outer life. For this hour of unforced occupation the mind of the prisoner is stirred to new interests and to new efforts.

Though begun on a very modest scale, there is no reason why this system of instruction should not be continued and developed. The illiterate were properly the first to whom it was applied, but there are equal advantages for others to be derived from a carefully administered system, in which the idea of reward should be clearly recognized. It would seem that to a prisoner of intelligence—and, unfortunately, there is no small number of these—nothing would be a more valued prize for general good conduct or particular merit than a chance to pursue the studies in which he is or may become interested.

The prison already has its library, not a very large one, but well selected. The books are liberally used, and deprivation of them is one of the milder forms of punishment. When worn out they are trimmed and rebound in the prison, strongly and plainly, but neatly, and the bindery is kept pretty constantly employed. The theory of the management at Sing Sing is that the close confinement, the rigid exclusion from the world, the unremitted toil, the enforced regularity of habits, are the proper punitive and reformatory influences to be kept in active and constant application. These having been secured, everything not inconsistent with them is adopted to awaken or to keep alive in the minds of the inmates the impulses toward an honest and orderly mode of life, in order that when the prison doors are opened, the convict may re-enter society with his face turned toward the good and not the evil, toward the possibilities of the future and not the entangling and debasing associations of the past. The common idea of the prison as a place of confinement for those dangerous to society, the main influence of which shall be the dread of re-entering it, is singularly dissipated by a visit to Sing Sing. A careful observation of that prison under the control of Mr. **Brush**, of the mode of life, of the influences at work, of the tendencies developed, of the manners and expression of the prisoners, gives a new idea of it, as a place from which it is quite practicable for a prisoner to receive a new start in life, a new lease of the forfeited birthright of freedom and of usefulness. It is from the spirit which has brought about this result that the night schools have sprung.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A man who was a soldier in 1869 appeared recently—after resisting his conscience for fourteen years—before the United States Commissioner at Leavenworth, and confessed that he had raised an order for clothing-money due him from $82 to $182, and drawn the latter sum. He declared that the thought of owing the government $100 had weighed so painfully upon him that he had been driven at length to make this confession.

An Englishman has concluded that his countrymen prefer hanging to any other violent form of death, because, of the suicides of a year in England, more went out of the world by means of the rope than by any other means. Only 271 drowned themselves, for instance, whereas 511 used the rope.

Six dozen is the number of white waistcoats that an authority says is necessary to a fashionable man in the course of a London season. The fashionable man never wears a waistcoat that has been washed, and a waistcoat's length of life depends upon the owner's skill in keeping it from looking as though the washer-woman ought to have it. The whole care and cunning of a Londoner who wears a white waistcoat is turned to preventing it from coming in contact with the atmosphere.

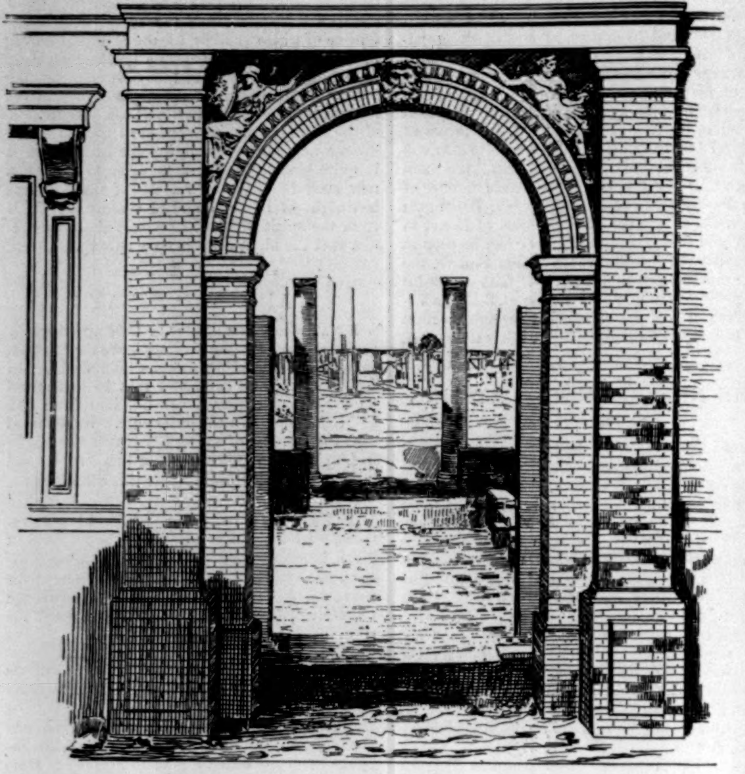
A dishonest person in Paris manufactured spurious eggs in a most ingenious way. Shell, white, and yolk were all executed so skillfully that the purchaser would never dream that he had been deceived. The fraud would have passed without detection, probably forever, had not the manufacturer himself confessed it. He would not have done this except for the discovery that the business of supplying the market with the false eggs was making him poor, the cost of producing real eggs being much less.

It is reported that electric lights have come to be very much the thing in England, and that in some luxurious houses they have even been attached to the head-boards of the beds, with the idea of furnishing the occupants of the beds with light to read by. If these head-board lights are anything like some of the electrical St. Vitus lanterns hung along the Bowery, what astonishing impressions the occupants must receive!

The touching spectacle was presented in a New York police court recently of a man confronted and claimed as a husband by a woman who was accompanied by eight children, most of them old enough to vote. When she said to him, in a voice broken by emotion, "Safstrom, on your word of honor, aren't you my husband?" he looked carefully at her and at each of the row of children, and replied, "I never saw you before." If his words were true, how earnestly he must have uttered them, and how sincerely he must have hoped that they would be believed!

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* finds the Dutch table customs very droll, as Diedrich Knickerbocker did before her. She dined with the family of a professor at the Hague. As soon as those at the table were helped they at once cut up all that was on their plates, and then putting their knives down, leaned on the table with their left hands, and with their forks disposed of the food with celerity and without interruption. At supper the hostess ground and cooked the coffee at the table, and the butter was taken with individual knives out of an earthen pot that was used in common. Cheese was served and secured in a similar manner, and was smeared over thick slices of buttered bread. When the eating was finished, everybody still sat and watched the hostess wash the dishes, which she did at table, using the snowiest of napkins, without wetting her fingers, while the master puffed a cigar.

A London newspaper complains that in the English agricultural districts the working village population get little more to eat than bread, potatoes, cabbage, beans, a little bacon and cheese, and milk for the children, and that nothing is good, owing to the ignorance of the women of even the most elementary principles of cooking. In the manufacturing towns "a hastily made fire, and a frying-pan, a lump of butter, some bacon, and a few eggs of doubtful freshness, compose the culinary preparation of a family earning between two pounds and three pounds a week." There is better eating than this in some parts of England, however; for instance, in the tavern called the "Cheshire Cheese," in Fleet Street, where for two-and-sixpense one may eat as long as he can hold out of a beafsteak pie that is stuffed besides with game birds and truffles and all manner of amazing and succulent things, and if he is not satisfied with that, he may have most delicate stewed cheese in a pan, whereafter it is possible for a hot toddy to be forth-coming, and he will find a long clay pipe in a drawer under the wooden bench on which he sits.



ARCHWAY, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

THE UNITED STATES PENSION OFFICE.

The business of the Pension Bureau at Washington city is now conducted in a building on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Twelfth Street, with an Annex of several contiguous buildings, and branches in two others a few blocks distant. The gigantic proportions which the work of the office has attained in the last twenty years has, however, shown the inadequacy of the present "accommodations," and caused provision to be made by act of Congress for the erection of a permanent structure which should afford ample and *secure* room, not only for necessary clerical force, but for the valuable papers used in the adjudication of claims and the general records of the work.

The construction of the new Pension Building, required by law to be "of brick and metal, and fire-proof," has been intrusted most wisely to one eminently qualified for the trust, viz., Brevet Major-General M. C. Meigs, late Quartermaster-General, U.S.A., and now retired. "Retirement" conveys no idea in the case of this distinguished officer that his day of usefulness has passed. The well-preserved old general, wearing the snowy badge of honorable age in hair and beard, is as vigorous in prosecuting his work as supervising engineer and architect as in his more youthful labors. July 1, 1836, saw him appointed Second Lieutenant United States Artillery, and Brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers. He was promoted First Lieutenant two years subsequently, and on March 3, 1853, was made Colonel Eleventh Infantry; on May 15, 1861, Brigadier-General and Quartermaster-General; and on July 5, 1864, Brevet Major-General.

The new Pension Building occupies 80,000 square feet of ground bordering upon Judiciary Square, in the northeastern part of the city. It is 400 × 200 feet around. The outer walls will be 75 feet high. A single range of office rooms, 26 × 37 feet in size, in each of the three stories, will surround a central hall 316 × 116 feet. Two stories of arcades in this nall make galleries or cloisters, affording access to the rooms, which are reached by four grand stairways of brick (vaulted) near the four gates of the building. The hall is to be covered by an iron roof sheathed with non-conducting hollow tiles covered with metal. Light will be afforded through windows above the roof of the ranges of office rooms. The middle of the hall, a space 116 feet square, will be covered by a roof similarly constructed, and *coved*, or arched, in form, supported on the north and south by the walls of the great hall, and on the east and west by arches springing from the capitals of brick columns of the Corinthian order, 75 feet tall and 7½ feet in diameter, with decorated or enriched terra-cotta bases now in place. The columns have now attained about half their height.

The north and south gates are 12 feet wide; those east and west, 6 feet.

The cornicione which crowns the exterior fronts is of terra-cotta, with modillions and ornaments of the same.

An enriched belt course of terra-cotta and moulded brick will surround the building at the level of each floor, that at level of second floor being decorated with a band of sculpture in buff terra-cotta, 3 feet high and 1200 feet long, depicting an army in campaign, assisted by sailors and boats of the navy.

The four gates have enriched red terra-cotta and brick mouldings, with sculptured or moulded figures in the spandrels of buff terra-cotta, and masks on key-stones.

All the floors will be supported on brick arches, mostly pendentive elliptical domes in the centre of the rooms, resting on elliptic arches at the sides. The vestibules of the gates are decorated with pilasters and columns of brick or iron, with moulded brick cornices, and are vaulted. There will be two elevators. The design of the building may be considered a study from Roman palaces of the fifteenth century.

Up to September, 1883, there had been expended upon the work $177,489 59, leaving $225,000 available funds of the appropriation last made.

A pension under the United States law may be defined as strictly a payment for loss of physical ability to earn a livelihood, such loss being the result of disease or injury sustained in service and line of duty as a soldier or sailor of the army or navy. At the death of a soldier whose fatal disease was *traceable directly to the service*, his widow and minor children are entitled to pension; and if he died in celibacy, pension may be granted to his mother, father, or minor brothers and sisters (in the order named), provided their actual dependence upon the soldier at date of his death is shown.

While in foreign countries pensions are granted to a number of classes, including superannuated celebrities and distinguished authors, poets, and men of science, there are only a few isolated cases where civil pensions are granted by our government—notably those paid to widows of several ex-Presidents.

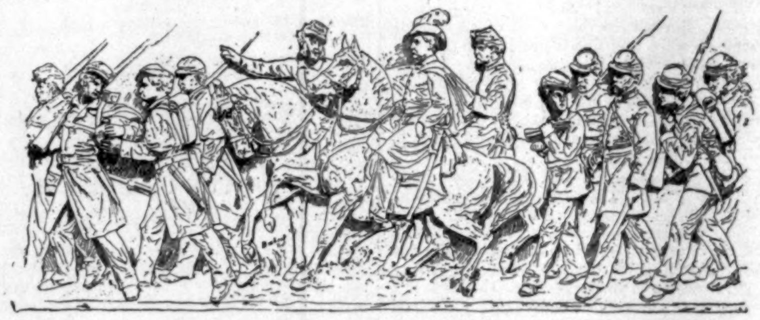
In the spring of 1792 Congress passed the act which has formed the basis of that great institution the United States Pension Office, than which no department of the public work so links itself in vital connection with the families and the homes of our land.

Upon the pension rolls there still are borne the names of fourscore old ladies who hold out to repeat the story of Valley Forge. Years ago their husbands' tattered Continentals were exchanged for their quiet shrouds, and, let us hope, for the shining uniform of the peaceful country.

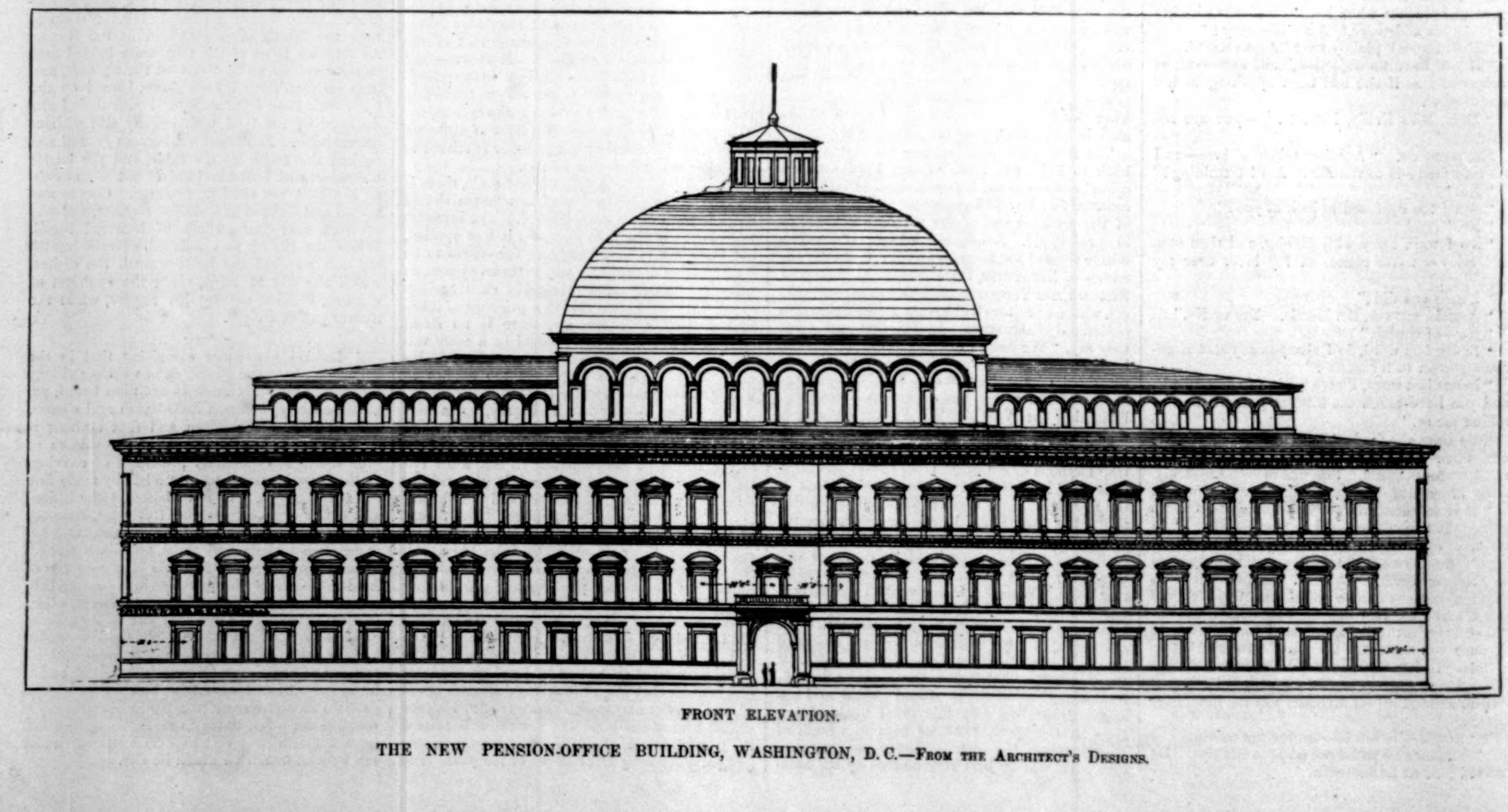
In the late war 2,000,000 men followed the Stars and Stripes; 220,000 of them died during or after the war without leaving pensionable relatives. Nearly 1,000,000 survivors have not applied for pension, and about 80,000 pensionable relatives have made no application. The total number of all claims, invalid widows and dependents, will approximate 800,000, while the number allowed does not exceed 300,000. Eighteen agencies, located judiciously as to geographical centres of pensionable population, disburse the money quarterly to the pensioners on their respective rolls. The pensioners themselves are widely scattered. A goodly number are now residents of Germany, England, Scotland, and Ireland, and a few may be found in most other countries. The blasts of bleak Norway howl around four; the Madeira and Sandwich islands house respectively three and five. In Liberia one lonely widow, in the Orange Free States one, and in Cape Colony two represent the justice and generosity of the United States pension laws. In foreign lands thirty-eight widows and three aged mothers have drifted beyond the knowledge of the office, having failed to file their last change of address.

A Senate resolution of December 8, 1882, has resulted in the publication of a complete directory of pensioners as now paid. It is a distinguished credit to the present management of the office that any such exhibit is cheerfully and fearlessly made, in full consciousness that the system as carried out by the present Commissioner is based on common-sense principles, affording the *maximum* of justice to claimants, and the *minimum* of opportunities for fraud.

The office underwent a complete reorganization August 16, 1881, under Colonel **William W. Dudley**, who was appointed Commissioner by President **Garfield**. It consists of the Eastern, Western, Middle, and Southern divisions, and the old War and Navy Division. These comprise the Examining Department, subject to a most rigid and careful review of all claims by a Board of Reviewers selected with reference to pre-eminent fitness. The Medical Referee and a staff of assistants—practical men skilled in medicine and surgery—constitute another division. The Record Division, under the direction of W. T. **Ford** as chief—a veteran wide-awake and thoroughly acquainted with his work—is a most satisfactory reduction of the whole vast business, past and present, to books of ready reference. The Agent's Division has charge of the disbursement of funds and correspondence with the agencies. The Division of Certificates and Accounts has the privilege of making the final document, which carries light to many a dark and desolate hearth-stone. The Mail Division opens and stamps every paper filed, and handles the immense mail of the office. The Division of Special Examinations occupies a field peculiar to itself. The Commissioner has divided the country into fifty districts, in each of which a special examiner (authorized by law to administer oaths) is located, "to whom all cases from his district in which there is absence of record, or where an adverse record is found, and where the claim is sought to be established by parol evidence only, will be referred for special examination." This branch of the work is conducted with a careful avoidance of the odious features of *detective* investigation, the fairest opportunity being given to the claimant to establish his case in his own neighborhood, among those who know him best. Under the present management the tendency is to do away completely with all "still hunts" after the claimant, and to do him justice in the fullest sense. The

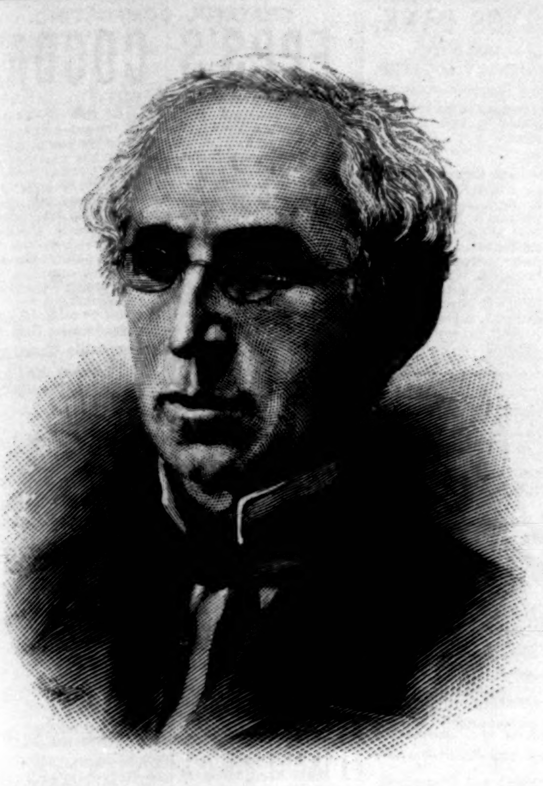


A PORTION OF FRIEZE, IN TERRA-COTTA.

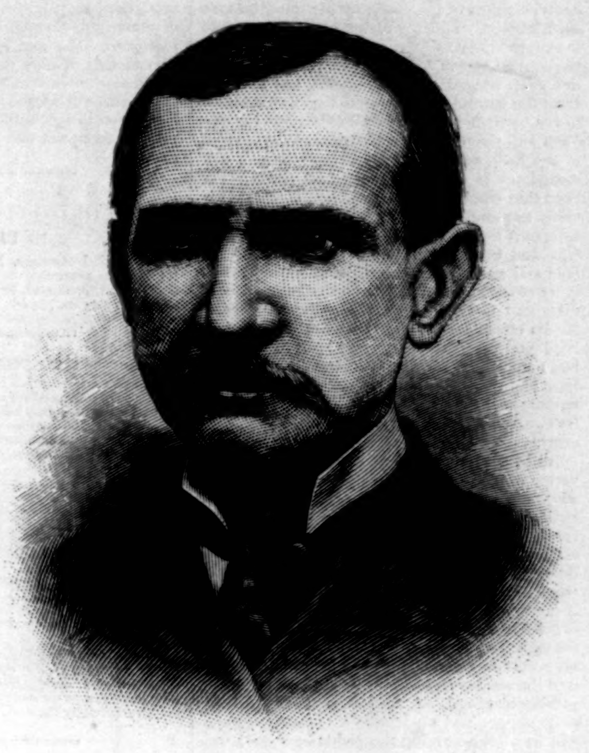


FRONT ELEVATION.

THE NEW PENSION-OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.—From the Architect's Designs.



THE HON. H. B. PAYNE, SENATOR-ELECT FROM OHIO.
PHOT. BY BRADY.—[SEE EDITORIAL "DEMOCRATIC GUIDE-BOARDS," PAGE 38.]



CHRISTOPHER C. BALDWIN, AQUEDUCT COMMISSIONER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDERICKS.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

small percentage of claimants who knowingly press claims which are unable to stand an investigation, fair and just alike to government and themselves, may appreciate *justice* as little as did the oft-quoted Irishman, who replied to the assurance that every effort would be made to afford it to him, by the remark that it was not exactly *justice* he wanted.

The Commissioner is assisted by two Deputy-Commissioners, Major O. P. G. CLARKE and Judge C. B. WALKER. The Chief Clerk, Captain A. W. FISHER, is assisted by Mr. J. W. HOWELL. The daily routine of the Examiner's work is enlivened by numberless peculiarities presented by the claims and many incidents of correspondence, taking all shades of pathos and humor. In "dependent" claims many old letters of the soldier are filed, affording glimpses of soldier life of the most thrilling interest. Here a buoyant young heart indites hopeful lines to cheer the old hearts needing him so sorely at home. Perhaps he dwells upon his sanguine anticipations of a speedy close to the war, and the glad home reunion to follow. Alas! his name may be found on a sad fatal list a few months later when the returns of some great fight come in. Evidence filed is often accompanied by peculiar "collateral proof." Photographs of ghastly disfigurements show the havoc of the merciless ball. A few teeth are sent to show the horrid ruin from scurvy.

Among the most interesting cases are those based upon the military service of our Indian troops. These are in general to be found in the Western Division (one of the largest and most important divisions, of which Mr. JOHN M. COMSTOCK, of New York, is chief). The examining of these claims is generally intrusted to an experienced examiner, possessed of nerve enough not to be staggered by the Indian names, who can with stolid equanimity correspond with widows and minors concerning the late Mr. ICH-KAR-SE-GAR-HO-LAR, Mr. O-KE-STAN-TO-HA-NOUGHTA, and Mr. AR-HAR-LOC-CO-CHUCH-A-ME, to say nothing of the late SEVEN STARS, RUNNING CATCHER, WHIPPOORWILL, and LONG WOLF. (These are actual names, as taken from a memorandum before me.) The office, in its earnest effort to do these claims justice, allows latitude in filing evidence commensurate with the impossibility of proving Indian marriages, etc., by the usual forms of evidence, knowing that the Maid of the Forest and Prairie was united to her dusky Hiawatha by ceremonies wholly unique.

WILLIAM WADE DUDLEY, to whose systematic arrangement and efficient supervision the office owes its smooth working and the wonderful progress made during the past two years, is a native of Vermont. He was born August 27, 1842. Removing to Indiana in 1860, he entered the service in July, 1861, as Captain of the Richmond City Grays. After participating in more battles than can be rehearsed in this article, he received a wound, July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg, resulting in amputation of his right leg. He had then attained the rank of Colonel, but for gallantry in action on date last named he was brevetted Brigadier-General of Volunteers. At his home in Wayne County, Indiana, he has stood out prominently in civil life since the war, and in the various offices he has filled has maintained his reputation for that energy and thoroughness which have characterized all his undertakings.

THOMAS A. BROADUS.

THE MORTON STATUE.

THE statue of OLIVER P. MORTON, the Indiana statesman, whose death occurred on the first day of November, 1877, was unveiled at Indianapolis on the 15th inst. It was made by FRANKLIN SIMMONS, a young sculptor born in Maine, who has lived in Rome for several years, and is best known in America by the statue of ROGER WILLIAMS presented to Congress by the State of Rhode Island. He has been employed on the statue of MORTON for two years. It is a bronze figure seven feet three inches in height, and weighs 2100 pounds. The pedestal on which it stands is granite, and is eight feet in height. The figure represents MORTON in the act of delivering a public speech. He is standing, as in the earlier days of his public life, when in vigorous physical condition, with the left foot slightly advanced, and the right hand extended, while in the left, which rests by his side, is held a roll of manuscript. The features express the impressive earnestness and calm dignity which characterized the manner of MORTON in his public speaking. The statue cost $15,000, and nearly the whole of the sum was subscribed by citizens of Indiana. The monument is situated in the centre of the square known as the Governor's Circle, which is generally supposed to mark the exact centre of the State.

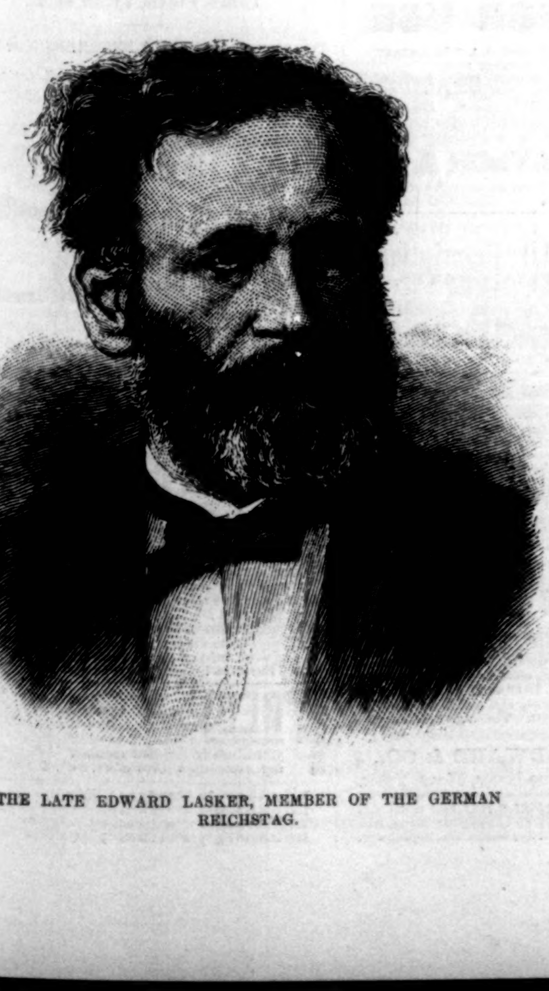
DR. EDWARD LASKER.

THIS distinguished German statesman, who died suddenly in this city on the night of the 4th inst., came to this country last June in order to obtain rest from professional work, and also to make a study of American institutions and life. He travelled quite extensively, visiting Texas and the far Northwest, and the Catskills, Saratoga, and other watering-places. After spending a few weeks in Washington, he returned to this city, intending to sail for Germany in season to be present at the opening of the Reichstag, of which he was an active and influential member on the Liberal side.

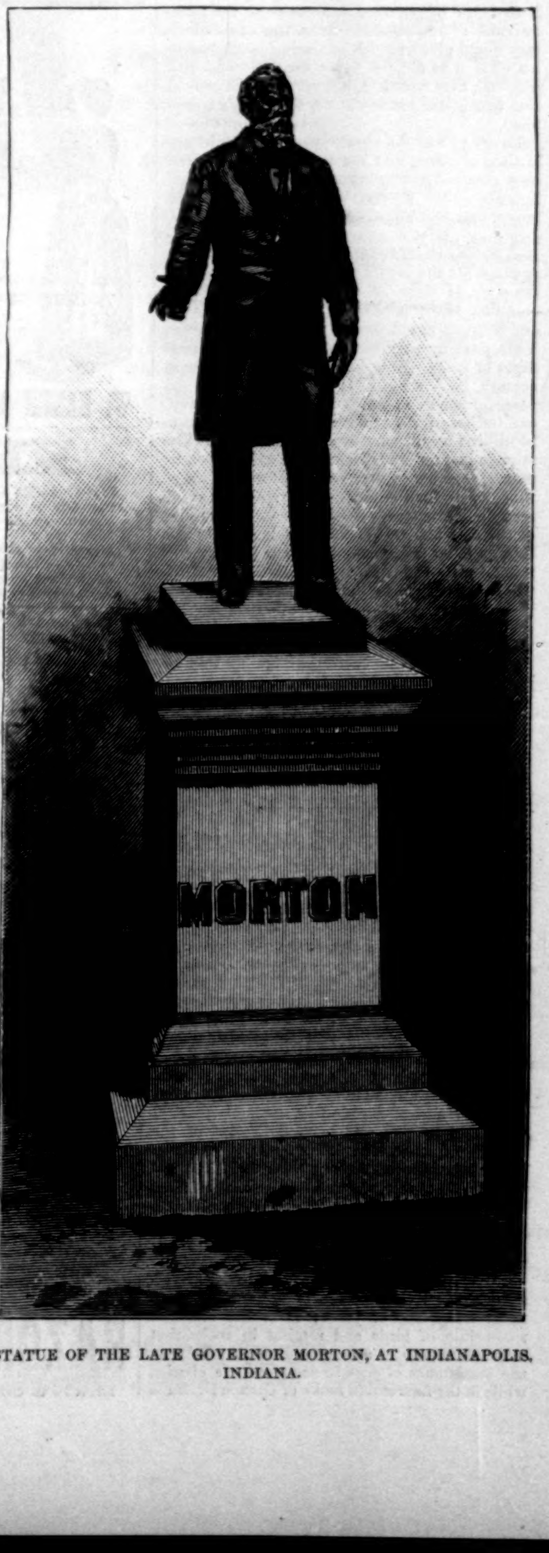
An account of Dr. LASKER'S great public services may be found in an article on "German Political Leaders," printed in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1883. He was a man of strong character and high purpose, and his liberal views often brought him into hostile relations with the government as regarded home affairs; but on questions of foreign policy he was generally in accord with BISMARCK. His death removes a very important man from the arena of German politics.

BIRDS OF WAR.

As the world grows old it returns to the superstitions of its younger days. Falstaff dying babbles of green fields. Many centuries ago men spoke of the pigeon as a soldier bird, "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel," and they made it sacred to the God of Battles. But love conquers everything, even gods of battles; and so the pigeon, transferred from the tented field of Mars to the flowery courts of the Paphian Queen, lost its old warlike reputation, and became in time the emblem of gentle love. From love and amiability generally it was only a short step to peace and good-will, and thus, by a capricious turn of the wheel, the fowl of Mars, the bird of battle, took its place in our legends, our proverbs, and our affections as a symbol of gentle tenderness. Poets, when talking of tyrants at their cruel work, always wrote of hawks chasing doves, and there is hardly one of them that has not in one place or another deliberately dragged in the pigeon as a synonym for harmless and loving innocence. Against superstition and poetry, science and natural history are always powerless; for, let the world swarm with Cuviers and Watertons, the public and the poets will still believe in halcyons, night-ravens, and legless birds-of-paradise. It is well, of course, to have these pretty fictions, and no one would desire to depreciate them, but there is no reason why we should not have in parallel existence with these fowls of fancy another series of fowls of real flesh and blood. Let us have our phœnix and our roc by all means—they are agreeable varieties of their species—but let us also have the honest, downright birds that live amongst us. Every cormorant, in spite of Milton, is not always vile, nor do eagles deserve the unqualified praise they always get. Let us, then, have the dove of romance, the soft-plumaged darling of the Cyprian Queen, but let us have also the real article, the jealous



THE LATE EDWARD LASKER, MEMBER OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.



STATUE OF THE LATE GOVERNOR MORTON, AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

and quarrelsome bird of helmeted Mars. Germany, it appears, has made up her mind that we *shall* have it. Looking about for improvements in war, the great military empire has remembered the carrier-pigeon, and, with complete fidelity to the swift-winged bird's traditions, has taken it from the easeful lists of love to the stern realities of the battle-field, and made it once again the emblem and the messenger of strife. Often before in the East, and during the Franco-German war sometimes in the West, the pigeon had already been thus employed; but it has remained for Germany to recruit the bird formally into the ranks, to give it depots and *étapes*, lines of communication and bases, a military organization for the field and another for peace time, to settle precisely its place in cantonments and in camp, to tabulate its military duties, and to draw up schemes for its commissariat and transport. With their head-quarters at Cologne, these birds of war have had mapped out for them in a regular scheme of lines and cross-lines the services they will have to render; and the "pigeon battalion" ranks henceforward as a standing feature of the German army.

And there is a world of interest in this innovation of modern war. This pretty flying column without weapons may be so terribly powerful, and strike its blows so swiftly and invisibly, that, though telegraph wires be cut, though the shades of night prevent the working of the heliostat, and though the vigilance of vedettes make the carriage of dispatches impossible, yet, let the night be never so dark, and the enemy never so watchful, the news that may be their ruin will get through their lines. No sentries or battlements, no scouts or outpost duty, will be able to intercept the sudden messenger whose wings they hear passing overhead. A musical sound of the clapping pinions and an instant's rush of feathers will be all the warning the pickets will get; but the mischief will have been done just the same, and it were better perhaps to have heard an angry shell come screaming overhead than that gentle clamor of a pigeon's wing. Under that wing, fastened close by a silken thread, lies the little missive which may make all the difference between victory and defeat, which may betray tactics, encourage a wavering garrison to renewed resistance, or summon to the scene a shattering strength of re-enforcements. All this and more may be hidden in the down of the pigeon's under-wing, and the enemy know it well, yet be powerless to prevent the bird carrying over their lines to the beleaguered fortress or to the head-quarters of the opposite camp the news which they would give so much to intercept. A battalion of men would not carry what the one bird will, and, thus resistless, it deserves to be ranked as a formidable feature in the adversary's equipment.

Long ago was the pigeon used to carry letters in time of peace, and the pretty fowl has often been of signal service in commerce and in friendly intercourse. By their agency the monasteries kept themselves informed of each other's welfare, and thus, too, the old merchant princes of the East communicated to their partners or their correspondents the nature of their transactions. In the days of Egyptian splendor doves were the only link between city and city along the Nile; and between Egypt, Arabia, and the Levant these birds used to carry most of the important messages of trade. Now, however, in the nineteenth century, the dove is to be taken away from the peaceful sphere in which it has worked so well, and its beautiful instinct to seek its home is to be utilized for the most terrible of purposes. The strange instinct was given to the wild pigeon by nature, together with a wondrous endurance of wing, solely for the purpose of returning as directly and as speedily as possible to its treasures of the nest and its pleasures of home. But in this, as in so many instances, man has diverted natural gifts to his own ends, has compelled the "homing" bird to be the innocent envoy of conflict, and the guiltless herald of slaughter. In rustic England there is a superstition that a white pigeon resting on the roof is an omen of disaster to the inmates; but in future what terrible augury may not be taken from the flight of pigeons! The eagle of Rome, the raven of Denmark, and the falcon of Tuscany have all in their time been birds of a dread significance; but it has been reserved for Germany to-day to invest the dove with equal terrors.

A CAT UPON A ROMAN TILE.

At Dowgate Hill the roadway known to the Romans was fourteen or fifteen feet beneath the present pavement. To that extent Roman London is beneath the Londoners, just as old Rome underlies the modern city, ancient Jerusalem the modern Holy Places, and the Troy of Homer the existing Hizarlik. One very striking remnant of the conquerors was found in this classic spot. It was a Roman tile thirteen inches square and an inch and a half thick, and had formed, according to the usual practice of those expert and substantial builders, part of a layer of a rubble wall. But that which made it strikingly interesting was the impression of a cat's foot distinctly marked in one corner. It was a fossil imprint of the most perfect character. Pussy had left the stamp of her paw on the soft clay. The British or Roman brickmaker, without heeding it, had baked his brick carefully and well, and there, after fifteen centuries, was the impression as distinct as if it had been struck on a coin but yesterday. It was a type of what the geologist is familiar with. Mr. Charlesworth found the impress of a butterfly in strata that had been buried more than as many thousands of years; Lyell has recorded foot-prints of birds and reptiles in rocks that must have been many ages old, ripple marks on the sandstones of seas in vastly remote epochs, while in the Laurentian rocks of Canada Dr. Dawson has traced marks of lowly forms of life that must have been imbedded or imprinted millions of years ago. So might it have been with pussy's foot-print. She and her mistress—perchance a Roman lady of high degree, possibly with a residence hard by in Watling Street—and everything that pertained to the Roman occupation might have been things millions of years gone by, and yet that foot-print had remained as fresh as it is to-day.

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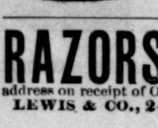

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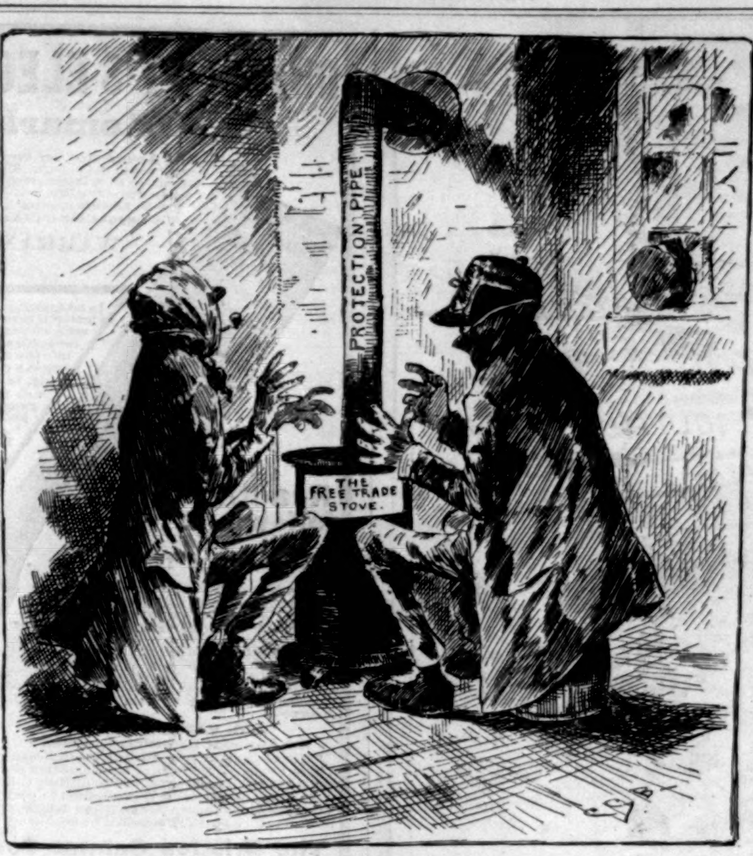

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